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NOTES.

IN the absence of any definite news from Fashoda, the English newspapers have found it necessary this week to discuss the subject with a certain amount of calmness. This is well, because our position, and the position of the Egyptian Government, is so strong in relation to the ownership of Fashoda, that any form of bluster is mere stupidity. Meanwhile the evidence which connects the "white men" who repulsed the Dervish gunboat with the expedition under Major Marchand continues to accumulate. In April last, a portion of the expedition was camped at the junction of Bahr-el-Ghazl and the Bahr-el-Arab, when it was delayed by the heavy rains. Subsequently the boats were launched, and Marchand proceeded northwards towards Fashoda, where he was due to arrive at the end of June. There is no reason to doubt that he arrived according to arrangement. Indeed, we have learned upon the very best authority that Marchand has occupied Fashoda since July, and that this information has been in possession of the French Government for some time. No doubt the officials at the Quai d'Orsay have steadily denied this fact; but that is the usual official attitude towards a delicate situation. That the situation is delicate, in the merely diplomatic sense, need not be gainsaid, yet there is no real danger. The French Government will endeavour to make the incident a starting-point for the reopening of the Egyptian Question, and for securing a footing of some kind on the Upper Nile. Unfortunately it has the best reason to believe that any kind of claim which is made at Downing Street will receive acknowledgment. Our only hope of a really satisfactory settlement of the Fashoda business is found in the fact that the Sirdar is far beyond the telegraph wire—even a broken telegraph wire.

Sir Nicholas O'Connor has arrived at Constantinople. The Sultan was, no doubt, very pleased to see him. Sir Nicholas is an Ambassador after Abdul Hamid's own heart. His record is one of weakness, and just now Great Britain should adopt a strong line in dealing with Turkish atrocities. We hope Sir Nicholas does not appear upon the scene in time to undo the good work in process of accomplishment by Admiral Noel in Crete. At St. Petersburg he permitted Count Mouravieff to lead him into the most hopeless of diplomatic dilemmas, and at Constantinople he will be confronted by methods still more Oriental. Having removed him from St. Petersburg, apparently as a reminder that the Foreign Office expects vigilance and ability in its representatives, Lord Salisbury straightway appointed him to a post where opportunities for mischief are innumerable. Rome or Madrid would not have overtaxed Sir Nicholas O'Connor. The events of the last three or four years

have shown the necessity of a diplomatist at Constantinople who knows all the moves of the game.

The Emperor Kwang-su is not the enlightened monarch some people would have us believe, but a feeble and helpless puppet swayed by the counsels of whichever party in China happens to have the upper hand. The Empress Tsi An is, however, not a person to be trifled with. She has proved herself to be a woman of extraordinary talent and without scruple; and she herself placed the Emperor upon the throne as a mere dummy to suit her own purpose. In 1884 Prince Kung was degraded by her orders, and since that date she has found an able lieutenant in the person of Li Hung Chang. Anybody who understands Chinese politics and has studied the history of the last twenty years will understand the danger of the young Emperor's position. Inconvenient obstacles to the Empress-Dowager's political plans have had a sinister knack of disappearing altogether from her path, and it is therefore perfectly comprehensible that Kwang-su will be amenable to the terrible old lady's wishes. The latest news is, indeed, that the Emperor is dead, and it is hinted that he may have been killed. Anyhow, Li Hung Chang is back, and that is bad for England, as long as England is controlled by Lord Salisbury.

The convenient way in which secret agreements between Russia and China are brought to light at advantageous moments is always a little suspicious; but it is rather too much that these private understandings should crop up after the Chinese have concluded contracts with other nations. The Chinese Government arranged the Niu-chwang railway loan with the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, mortgaging the line by way of security. Now Russia steps in, and says she has a secret treaty with China by which foreigners are excluded from controlling any railway north of Peking. So the bank transaction is, M. Pavloff declares, null and void. No doubt there is more of the story to come out; but, as things look at present, we are being badly beaten. If Lord Salisbury allows apocryphal treaties to override contracts that have been signed, sealed and delivered, what is to be the future of our commerce?

The prosecution of Colonel Picquart has been commenced before the Correctional Tribunal. At the last moment General Zurlinden preferred against him the charge of forging the telegram which proved suspicious relations between Major Esterhazy and a Foreign Power. The infamous author of the "bordereau" has sought an asylum in London, the refuge of many shady characters who wish to hide themselves from justice, and he has even succeeded in persuading an English solicitor to write threatening letters to the press on his

behalf. The flight of Esterhazy is in our view an ample justification for a firm belief in Colonel Picquart's innocence. And it is satisfactory to note that the military chiefs in Paris will not so easily silence this witness as they silenced Henry. Colonel Picquart has taken the precaution to warn the public that if he is found with his throat cut it will be murder and not suicide. Was Henry murdered? Now that the latest action of Zurlinden has shown the entire anti-Dreyfus party to be forgers, liars and at the best contemptible tricksters, who can believe anything they say?

The American representatives on the Peace Commission are on their way to Europe in order to settle—among other things—the future of the Philippines. Meanwhile Aguinaldo and his Filipinos have made a little start of their own in the way of organized Government. Last week a National Assembly held its first meeting at Malolos amid great rejoicing. President Aguinaldo, we are informed in that careful way which characterises Reuter, was in evening dress while all the other members of the Assembly were in ordinary attire. The first business was a message submitted by the President in which foreign and friendly nations were thanked for their assistance to a down-trodden race. The following day it was unanimously resolved to reject any proposal that had for its object the establishment of a joint Spanish and American Protectorate. This resolution is intended, no doubt, for the information of the Peace Commissioners, and it certainly does not help to make their path plain. Nor is the situation made any clearer by the attitude of General Aguinaldo himself. He may, of course, have modified his views since the attempt was made to poison him, but in an interview with Reuter's representative previous to that sinister event, he declared himself in favour of absolute independence. He did not understand any other; he did not know the British system of Colonies and Protectorates; he did not know the American system of State autonomy; he did not even know whether Australia was or was not an American colony. It is evident from this colossal ignorance that President Aguinaldo would make a first-class diplomatist, and it is almost equally evident that the United States will have to take over the Philippines along with Cuba and Porto Rico. The Filipinos cannot stand alone; they will not accept anew the yoke of Spain; *ergo*, the United States must accept the situation and make the best of it.

The foreign police system, which has undoubtedly its good points, requires a strong justification of the methods employed for the suppression of anarchism. When we learn of the wholesale arrests of harmless students in Switzerland, simply because a madman murdered that excellent lady, the Empress of Austria, we ask ourselves whether the evil may not be aggravated by such measures on the part of the authorities. It is the unwarrantable interference with the liberty of individuals which generally sows the seeds of political disaffection, especially amongst the excitable youth on whom such an outrage is apt to make a lasting and irradicable impression. The evil effects of this violent repression on the part of Governments of free political thought have been exhibited often enough in Russia, where Nihilism has, in consequence, permeated through every section of society. We are accused of harbouring and encouraging revolutionary outcasts in this country. The fact is we recognise that a broader solution of the question than the violent measures proposed on the Continent is more logical and more just. The Anarchist is as much a product of civilisation as the lunatic or the cripple; and his disease requires the same pity and humane treatment.

It is characteristic of Germany that the extracts from Dr. Busch's Diary which have appeared in the German press were copied out of English newspapers. How the Germans manage to rival us in other matters is an enigma when one reflects how far they are behind us in journalism, which is after all dependent for its main success on business capacity. But we suppose that copies of Dr. Busch's book are difficult to get in Germany. The outcry against Dr. Busch is foolish,

though by no means unexpected; and to pretend, as the Germans have done, that he has lowered Bismarck in order to make money by literary sensationalism is not only unfair, but conclusively shows that the commentators have not read the book. Nobody could master the contents of the latter without perceiving that Dr. Busch has been hugely indiscreet and often guilty of bad taste; but it is equally patent that he has placed before the reader the whole inconvenient truth without troubling himself much about consequences, and certainly with no other intention than that of giving a faithful portrait of his hero and of thereby adding to his greatness.

We are glad to learn that the Sirdar is to be rewarded with a peerage in addition to a more substantial mark of the country's gratitude for his splendid achievements in the Soudan. The annual list of New Year honours has so accustomed us to witness the bestowal of titles on time-serving nobodies that it gives us genuine pleasure to see dignity conferred upon a man who has worked hard for and fully earned it. When Sir H. Kitchener accepted the post of Sirdar eight years ago, it was upon the express stipulation that he was to be absolutely unfettered in his command. "I will do the thing my own way or not at all," he declared. The condition was wisely respected, and in a few years a man of action has achieved what our War Office—with its red tape and spiritless vacillation—would not have accomplished in as many centuries.

A somewhat startling side issue of the recent conflict in the South Wales Coal trade is the disfranchisement of 6000 miners who augmented their slender strike pay by the even more slender reward for parish stone-breaking. We know that if a working man accepts jobs which the parochial authorities have to give out, he thereby disqualifies himself for a parliamentary vote. This is disagreeable for those labour leaders who have urged that labour must seek redress of grievances not by strikes, but by sending special representatives to Parliament. On the morrow of their defeat in a great conflict with Capital, the miners find themselves deprived of their citizen rights. A law of this sort is a gross absurdity on the face of it, as Mr. Jeffreys, the Conservative Agent, in an appeal to the Revising Barrister to stretch a point in favour of the men, made clear. If it is wrong to serve the country for payment in the matter of stone-breaking, it must be wrong to serve the country for payment for other services. What is the difference between parish relief applied for by a pauper and the pension given to the late Mr. Villiers because he was too poor to live on what he could earn?

The sympathy of the British people with the sufferers by the hurricane in the West Indies has assumed practical shape in the Mansion House Fund. £10,000 was subscribed in a very few days. Unluckily the devastation wrought by the cyclone would hardly be sensibly relieved by ten times that amount. The West Indies are the unlucky members of the British family. Volcanic disturbances, hurricanes of almost unrivalled violence, epidemics, fires, riot and economic crises are the record of these lovely isles, whose native beauty neither the passion and greed of man, nor the storm and stress of nature, has materially affected. Their future forms one of the most anxious problems awaiting solution at the hands of British statesmanship. Probably the best thing that could happen would be their incorporation in the United States, but that is a fate which the Islands do not very seriously court, and which the British people would strenuously oppose. But what of Canada? The suggestion has been made by a correspondent of the "Times" this week, that they should be taken over by the Dominion. It is, perhaps, a little strange that more has not been heard of the idea. As an annex of Canada, the West Indies, at any rate, would no longer be governed according to the lights of the Cobden Club.

The life of the late Sir George Grey teaches one lesson, which our present foreign and Colonial officials would do well to remember. His success as a Colonial

governor was largely due to his appreciation of the political importance of ethnology. Grey was one of the few Colonial administrators who have worked on the principle that the careful study of native races is essential to their proper government. Wherever he went he undertook elaborate researches upon the aboriginal tribes. His collection of Maori poems, his Polynesian mythology, his vocabulary of South Australian dialects, and his discovery of prehistoric stone implements at the Cape entitled him to rank as one of the most distinguished contributors to the anthropology of the Empire.

Mr. Selous has, we learn from a contemporary, returned to his boyhood's pastime of birds'-nesting, and we are told that this "insatiable naturalist" is "as keen about collecting eggs and other trifles as about killing an elephant." It is precisely against the baneful and irremediable operations of these "insatiable naturalists" that the international Congress for suppressing further extermination of birds and animals to which we recently alluded, will find it most difficult to proceed. These gentlemen are often, like Mr. Selous, the heroes of a large circle of loyal admirers; they are "such good fellows," "one of the best," &c.; and so the individual is slaughtered and the type endangered for their pastime or gain. This is greatly to be regretted, for future generations are left to mourn the loss of the elephant without the compensating bliss of the society of its exterminator. The article that recently appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" on the beasts at present domiciled in the Yellowstone Park should induce Mr. Selous to take a passing glance at this preserve on his way to the hunting grounds for which we are assured he is shortly bound. Even our own bird protection Acts appear to be useful. An owl was recently observed in Piccadilly; an osprey has been reported from Richmond Park; and three kingfishers were seen together on the riverside not a mile from Twickenham. Nay, protection appears to include even the strange creatures of our seas, for a sea-serpent, doubtless an escaped pet of M. de Rougemont's, has startled the quiet citizens on the shores of Cromarty Firth. Invergordon is paralysed.

With the completion of the works connecting the East London and Southwark systems the water difficulty in the East End becomes slightly less acute, but the problem presented by the shortcomings of the Company remains. It is now urged that the Company could not have foreseen the drought; but to be prepared for emergencies surely was the first duty of a corporation charged with so sacred an interest as that of the water supply. The Company has had to face drought before, and unpleasant experience should have warned them of the consequences of unreadiness. If they had spent before the drought began the money they have had to spend since, the distress would not have developed into famine. Why were not the works necessary to connect the East London and Southwark systems put in hand weeks, if not months, earlier than they were? If dividends were not the consideration, then there was an appalling lack of foresight. On whatever ground the failure of the Company to meet its obligations to the consumer may be explained, the reflection is equally serious. From the public point of view there is little to choose between dividend-grabbing and inability to foresee probabilities. The experience of East London during the past two months has materially strengthened the case for taking the water supply of the metropolis out of the hands of private companies.

It may be advisable to warn M. de Rougemont's friends that it is unwise of them to refer to the Paul du Chaillu controversy, as that tells against them. Du Chaillu was discredited because naturalists proved that his own gorilla skins contradicted his published account of how he acquired them. It is now generally known that du Chaillu's story was rewritten at home in order to render it sensational. Dr. Grey and Walker detected the mis-statements, and the whole of du Chaillu's narrative was accordingly dismissed as unreliable. Perhaps De Rougemont may be explained as an Australian du Chaillu.

The question whether mountain climbing is a dangerous sport has received another definite answer. The sad accident in which Mr. Aston-Binns and a Swiss guide lost their lives on the Aiguilles des Charmoz leaves no doubt of the perils which perpetually menace even the most experienced of mountaineers. One of the two slipped on the hard smooth ice of the Couloir glacier and was precipitated down the side into a crevasse, dragging his companion with him. The details are simple enough; and they show conclusively that even the best climber must carry his life—and unfortunately the lives of others as well—constantly in his hand.

The appearance of Sir William Harcourt in the columns of the "Times," flourishing a ponderous birch and playing tutor to the whole bench of Bishops, is singularly amusing. It would seem that his experiences in the House of Commons last session have only whetted his appetite for theology and ecclesiastical law, and that his holiday has been spent in studying Acts of Uniformity and other such light literature. As the result of his studies we gather that "the pretensions on the part of Convocation, of conclaves of prelates, of individual Bishops or priests, to practise or to license departures from the formularies prescribed by law is a usurpation which is in direct contravention of the whole aim and scope of the Reformation." Yet, notwithstanding the terrible results which, in prophetic spirit, Sir William declares will happen if the aim and scope of the Reformation is thus evilly entreated, the bishops have actually, he assures us, been guilty of this naughtiness. He even goes so far as to say, but the phrase is more characteristic of the political platform than of the study, that "lawlessness is rampant in the Church." To the dispassionate observer it is perfectly clear that the chief "rampant" thing on the ecclesiastical horizon is Sir William himself standing with his birch on "the Rock of the Reformation." Were it not for the laughter it would provoke, this latest pose of our buckram reformer would make an excellent piece of sculpture for the front of Exeter Hall or Mr. Kensit's shop in Paternoster Row.

When Mr. Justice Darling bullied a jury into sentencing the poor woman Robson to death we told him that he was beginning too early. We reminded him that he was quite unintelligent and had neither learning nor experience, and had indeed only won his post and salary by performing services, as a party hack, which no man with any hopes of achieving political distinction would condescend to perform. Despite this warning, and the other warning implied in the prompt reprieve granted to Robson, this newest judge is again playing the little Jefferies. A wretched girl called Shoesmith, seduced and then forsaken, threw her child into a pond in a moment of desperation and immediately after tried without success to save it. Her counsel rightly contended that a verdict of manslaughter was the fiercest that could be brought in; but Mr. Justice Darling, anxious, apparently, to masquerade again in that theatrical disguise, the black cap, pressed upon the jury the necessity of a verdict of murder; and he had his way and the distinction of sentencing another poor girl to death. Shoesmith has also been reprieved; though the sentence of penal servitude for life does little credit to the Home Secretary's courage and humanity. We are hoping that the death sentence will also be commuted in the case of Viney.

The Bishop of Lichfield has dealt with the ritual controversy in the charge recently delivered to the Synod of his diocese; and his utterance strikes us as about the fairest and most sensible thing we have seen on the subject. Dr. Legge takes a moderate and judicial line which ought to win the acceptance of all but a few extremists on either side. The Bishop disallows the reservation of the sacrament, the "ceremonial" use of incense, celebration without the prescribed number of communicants, the observance of "fancy" saints' days and commemorations not in the calendar, invocation of saints, and the imposing of any condition (*i.e.*, obligatory confession) before baptism, confirmation and

communion. Additional services must be sanctioned by the Bishop. Prayer for the dead he would appear to admit, but only after the primitive model, and in entire accordance with the spirit of the Prayer-book. We especially agree with his criticism upon doctrinal books intended for children.

The "Times," still in ecclesiastical mood, lately admitted a letter from Mr. Arthur Clayden, asking "Is Nonconformity a declining power?" and answering his own question, as an old Nonconformist, in the affirmative. Mr. Carvell Williams controverts Mr. Clayden's statement in the "Daily News," and other correspondents follow suit, including Mr. Howard Evans with his inevitable statistics. We should have thought there was no sort of doubt that Mr. Clayden is right; but we are inclined to agree with him that the decline of Dissent is not a thing to be glad of. Dissent has its unlovely side, but in religion, as in other things, the public get the best service when there is competition for their support.

A manifesto has been issued by the Bishops of London and Rochester advocating denominational teaching in the London Board schools. It has already been stated by the Vice-President of the Council that the religious teaching in the Board schools of the metropolis is incomparably superior to that of the Voluntary schools in the same district. The Bishops would, therefore, have employed their time much more usefully in improving defects at home. But why teach children doctrine at all? We are not acquainted with a single adult schoolmaster who can make head or tail of half the tenets of the Church of England, and we cannot bring ourselves to believe that a parrot-like repetition of the Athanasian Creed would be of the slightest moral benefit to the poor little children on whom the Bishops propose to inflict it.

For all the attention that our business men seem to pay to them, the reports of our Consuls might almost as well not be written at all. If it were otherwise, and there were sufficient enterprise amongst our traders to respond to suggestions, we might consider it worth while to call attention to the facts set forth in the report of our Consul in Mexico. He tells us that there are "openings for British trade to be pushed in mining and agricultural machinery," that "the manufacture of printing presses and printers' type in the United States, where almost all the supply used in Mexico is imported from, is controlled by a trust, with the result that prices are extremely high, thus opening a good field for competition," and that "the activity in building offers a good prospect for the sale of first-class furnishing hardwares, which are scarcely procurable here at all, the class of article usually being of inferior quality and mainly of German manufacture."

The good man seems to write without much hope, as if he were quite conscious that in imparting this most valuable information he was casting pearls before swine. "In almost every report I have written on Mexico," he says, plaintively, "I have called attention to the absence of English houses of business here, and the impossibility of really pushing English trade without them, in view of the keenness of competition from other countries."

The Local Government Board is not always happy in its communications to local authorities. A piece of advice it has just been distributing strikes us as extremely foolish. Local authorities may spend money on insurance against claims under the new Workmen's Compensation Act. One would think that in such a matter the discretion of local bodies as to whether the conditions of their servants' work involved risk under the Act might be left unhampered. But the Board thinks not, and has given a warning that it will be part of the auditor's duty to consider this point in each case, and to allow payment only when the conditions of employment are such as to involve risk. The auditor, forsooth! That an auditor should be an expert at accounts we are well aware, but whoever, outside the Local Government Board, heard of him as an expert upon the practical and industrial side of local administration?

SIR GEORGE GREY.

IN Sir George Grey, the self-willed, far-sighted, liberal-minded Imperialist, has disappeared a terror and a reproach to Downing Street. Had the infirmities of eighty years permitted him to take part in the Diamond Jubilee procession, he would have shared with the Queen herself the honours of the occasion. He was essentially a man of action. It is true, the last time the present writer met him, he suggested not so much the man of action as the student. His tall slim figure was bent, he was almost inarticulate, and at its best his voice was frequently inaudible. His modest manner was certainly not that of a man who had moulded the destinies of nations. Yet Sir George Grey probably did more than any one individual to stem the tide of disintegrating forces which threatened to break up the Empire fifty years ago. But for him it is conceivable there might be no British India, no South Australia, no New Zealand, no South Africa, as we know them to-day. Fearless of responsibility, he never hesitated to disobey orders from Downing Street when compliance would be neither wise nor patriotic. His courage in the Council Chamber and on the battle-field were equally great. Rabidly Conservative in regard to the Empire as a whole, he was an extreme Radical in regard to its parts; and if some of the Colonies to-day are the most advanced communities under the sun, they may trace their emancipation largely to Sir George Grey. For a quarter of a century he was the stormy petrel of the Colonial Office, the value of whose profound regrets to day at his demise should be gauged by the contents of that portion of its archives which refers to the fifties and sixties. He snubbed Downing Street, and was recalled on two occasions; he did with a handful of men what generals in command of armies could not see their way to accomplishing, and, having rendered services to the Empire which entitled him to the highest preferment, he threw up the struggle in disgust, and was content to become a mere politician in a self-governing Colony, a position in which his failure was as complete as was his triumph in the higher posts.

That this is not an extravagant estimate a few facts will serve to show. Grey was appointed Governor of South Australia at a time when the Colony was *in extremis*. The exchequer was empty, population was slender and confined to Adelaide, the revenue amounted to a bare third of the expenditure, and chaos reigned supreme. Grey ruthlessly cut down expenditure—he reduced his own salary from £1000 to £600—drove the people on to the land, paid the debts of his predecessor, and generally set the Colony on its legs. Downing Street rewarded him by repudiating bills which he necessarily incurred. A fitting commentary on the meanness of the Imperial Government was supplied a little later when Grey was dispatched to New Zealand to grapple with troubles brought about by administrative stupidity on the one hand and land-grabbing by the Colonists on the other. Grey's first act was to arrest and imprison on board a man-of-war the redoubtable Raupuraha, who died of chagrin. The Colonial Office drafted a Constitution for New Zealand. A very few minutes' study convinced Grey that the Imperial Government had not grasped the elements of the situation, that the Act was a gross breach of faith with the natives, and that its adoption would mean a desperate race feud. He suspended it. His temerity in the opinion of those who know New Zealand best, saved the Colony. But Downing Street waxed wroth, and the Duke of Newcastle, then at the head of the Colonial Office, refused to receive him on his return to England. But, once again, trouble compelled the Colonial Office to turn to him for help, and the very Colonial Minister who would not give him audience was glad to give him a commission to go to the Cape. As in New Zealand, so in South Africa he was speedily called upon to uphold the honour of the Empire, which Downing Street held cheap. As he had refused to go behind the Maori Magna Charta—the treaty of Waitangi—so he now restored to the Hottentots who had served as soldiers the pensions to which they were entitled. It was an unpleasant pill for Downing Street, but Grey administered it relentlessly. A Kaffir war, aimed at

the extermination of the whites, was threatened. The British General demurred to certain orders given by Grey on the score that his forces were inadequate. Grey took strong measures, and by a ruse captured the whole body of Kaffir leaders. For the 50,000 savages thus reduced to impotence, Sir George found peaceful employment and so saved further trouble. News reached him that the Mutiny had broken out in India. He took upon himself the responsibility to order the transports then at the Cape, *en route* for China, to make for Calcutta. He practically denuded the Cape of troops, dispatching them and what provisions he could scrape together to India. Lord Malmesbury's opinion was that Sir George Grey's action saved the position. In assisting to save India, he knew that he risked the Cape. He therefore interviewed the Kaffir chiefs and put them on their honour not to attack the white settlers whilst the troops were away. Not a man of them broke his word.

For once Downing Street approved. But it was unlikely that so enlightened and enterprising a spirit would remain for long in the good graces of a department whose mission was to strangle Colonial progress with red tape. Sir George Grey saw that the Imperial Government was making a mistake in permitting South Africa to be divided up into separate communities. He advocated South African federation. In New Zealand he had introduced a tentative federalism. There were a Central Government and a series of Provincial Governments. Those who study the New Zealand arrangement, may have their doubts as to whether a similar system would have worked in South Africa. In New Zealand it failed, partly because the Provincial Councils were dependent for the bare means of subsistence on crumbs from the Central Government table and partly because the Provincial Governments adopted obstructive tactics on questions of vital general interest. In South Africa, Grey prepared the way for Union. Downing Street regarded the project as madness—a view shared by Lord Carnarvon, who twenty years later dispatched Froude, the historian, to South Africa to make himself ridiculous as an advocate of a plan that was only Grey's plan spoilt. Grey was dismissed the service for dabbling in such dangerous schemes, and came home only to find that a change of Ministry had taken place and that orders were on their way to the Cape to reinstate him. On his return he steered clear of the federal propaganda, which might have rendered Majuba Hill and the Jameson Raid impossibilities. From the Cape he was sent to rescue New Zealand once more from troubles between the Maoris and the settlers. The war dragged on, and General Cameron, good soldier though he was, made absurdly little headway. He and Grey were soon at loggerheads. When Grey desired the General to take the Wareroa Pah—the strongest post held by the Maoris and the key to the position on the West Coast—Cameron said he could not do so without large reinforcements. Grey took the bull by the horns as usual. He obtained the assistance of some three or four hundred soldiers, British and Maori, occupied a strong position commanding the Maori fort, captured one of the enemy's intended reinforcements, with the result that the Maori garrison promptly fled. Wareroa was taken by the Governor's daring without loss of life. This feat, as Mr. W. P. Reeves has said, "was justly regarded as about the most brilliant of the whole war." Grey's success embittered his enemies, and for the second time the genius of Downing Street rewarded him with dismissal. One wonders why the Jacks in Office did not impeach him for thwarting their incompetence.

Grey's complaint always was that statesmen at home seemed incapable of realising what the British Empire was. Had opportunity served, it can hardly be doubted that he would have made an effort to put the Empire on a federal basis. His ideal was a federation based on the most popular of institutions. He would have created the smallest of local units for administrative purposes, and have given counties, countries and the Empire itself, parliaments in their respective degrees. To do this he would have placed the whole Empire in the crucible. He once seriously suggested that existing Acts of the British Parliament giving constitutions to the

Colonies should be repealed, in order that the Colonies might create new ones on any lines they like, subject only to the common needs of the Empire. His devotion to the cause of Imperial Federation, his readiness to go further and advance the cause of Anglo-Saxon union, was the more remarkable in that he was so keen a believer in the new as opposed to the old. He deprecated the introduction of old-world institutions in the new world. Such freedom as exists in Europe he regarded as largely the result of the example set by the Colonies. They have been the principal political laboratories of the century.

MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

[BY AN ACQUAINTANCE.]

AS Mr. George Wyndham has been appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, it is worth the while of the public to form some sort of judgment as to what is to be hoped or feared from Mr. Wyndham. The illustrated papers are pretty sure to tell the world this week or next that Mr. Wyndham is a very handsome man, that he is considered by ladies to be the best-looking man in the House of Commons. He is only thirty-three; tall and slight, with well-cut features and fine eyes, to which long lashes give an air of gentleness; he is sympathetically courteous too, and has besides that sincerity of speech which generally accompanies good brains. But Mr. Wyndham's physique does not help us much towards an understanding of his character.

Let us therefore first take what every one knows about him. He is an ardent Imperialist, the defender on the South African Committee of Mr. Rhodes, and the other day he made a speech at Dover declaring that Lord Salisbury's policy of the "open door" in China was the only possible policy. Mr. Wyndham did not say this out of ignorance; he is a man of brains and of reading—his edition of Plutarch was excellent—and if he supported Lord Salisbury's policy in this downright fashion, he must have done it for personal ambition. We are not of those who hold that personal ambition in a statesman is a sin. The able, practical man is ambitious as the poet is eager to write verses or an athlete to jump or run—functional activity to the strong is in itself a pleasure. Mr. Wyndham's ambition so far has been for the Empire rather than for himself; he has been one of the few Imperialists who believe that conquest condones crime and that the end sanctifies the means; perhaps, therefore, he said to himself, "In the interests of the Empire I am the proper man to be Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and therefore I must swallow Lord Salisbury's foolish shibboleth of the 'open door': once in office, I shall do my best to inspire my chief with a resolute and daring Imperialism." This may have been Mr. Wyndham's argument to himself, but we confess it does not inspire us with confidence. His Imperialism is honest enough, no doubt. He has a genuine love of England's reputation and a genuine admiration for the greatness of the Empire. But the man who is pliable enough at this time of day to defend the discredited policy of the "open door" will scarcely be strong enough to influence Lord Salisbury.

For like all weak men Lord Salisbury is as obstinate as a mule. Those of us who remember his conflict with Lord Randolph Churchill will also remember that it was mere obstinacy without reticence or purpose or dignity that at the very last pulled him through by what was nothing but the hazard of circumstance. And this man, whose obstinacy is his conscience, whose very soul is love of place and power, and whose single policy is a cautious cynicism that waits on events, is not likely to be influenced greatly by young Mr. Wyndham. Nor will Mr. Wyndham press him unduly, much less throw up his office as a protest against some indefensible surrender of British interests. No, the Prime Minister and his subordinate in the House of Commons will work together harmoniously, and it will be Mr. Wyndham who will be influenced by Lord Salisbury and who will from day to day grow more like his chief. And yet no better choice than Mr. Wyndham could be made in the present House of Commons. He has ability and reading, a very consider-

able power of speech and a still greater gift as a writer; he is a product too of the modern spirit of expansion that seems likely to determine the policy of England for the next half-century—together the best candidate for the office in the Lower House. And if we cannot hope much from Mr. Wyndham in his present position it is because his power will be limited by the weakness of Lord Salisbury, and his daring enfeebled by Lord Salisbury's fears. Were he Secretary for Foreign Affairs instead of Under-Secretary it is possible—probable even—that he would make for himself a great reputation; but alas! the Old Man of the State sits upon his shoulders and crushes him to weakness. The worst of life is that greatness is not catching; a Bismarck leaves neither successors nor imitators, but cowardice and adroitness in evasion are contagious, and so a Salisbury may infect a generation.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE Congress season has set in with its usual severity, and the clerical variety of the species will shortly assemble at Bradford under the Presidency of the Bishop of Ripon. The Church Congress seems to maintain its vitality, in spite of the fact that it is no more than an academic debate, without any real official or executive power. It forms a useful safety-valve, and affords an opportunity for a little harmless ecclesiastical dissipation, with the chance of meeting old friends, and of hearing one or two big Church guns hold forth. The real permanent value of the Congress, we imagine, lies in the stimulus it undoubtedly gives to local Church life and philanthropic agencies; and in the bringing together of men of widely differing opinions on one platform. The life of a country parson is usually one of much intellectual isolation; he seldom has the opportunity of meeting educated men who read and think. The result is that the fixed clerical tendency to get into a groove becomes accentuated, and his habit of dogmatism develops into a disease. The Church Congress, when it comes into his diocese, gives him the chance of getting a much-needed mental douche. He hears his own opinions challenged, his ways of work criticised, his historical positions questioned, by men at least as competent to form sound views on these matters as himself. He gets all kinds of fresh hints and suggestions, which may bear good fruit in his parish. He learns that there are good men in all schools of thought, and that his own particular party has no monopoly of brains or common sense or knowledge of the world. And he goes back to his village with new ideas, freshened by contact with men from all parts and all parties, and by the consciousness of having been in touch with a wider and larger life.

With this view of the true functions of the Church Congress, we do not think it is of very serious importance what subjects are chosen for debate; and, as a fact, they vary little from year to year. Several hardy annuals appear upon the Bradford programme; and it is scarcely likely that anything fresh will be said in regard to such well-worn matters as Sunday observance or Church music. It is to the credit of Congress-goers that the heavy subjects, such as Biblical criticism or historical research, seldom fail to attract large meetings; and the Subjects Committee has been fortunate in securing papers from scholars so competent to discuss the study of the Bible in the freshest lights as Professor Armitage Robinson, Dr. Robertson of King's College, and the Warden of Keble. The Congress being this year held in Yorkshire, it is fitting that the discussion at the opening meeting should deal with the share of Yorkshire and the Columban mission in the evangelisation of Europe. The Bishop of Bristol and Professor Collins may be trusted to make the most of their interesting text. Something worthy of notice should also come out of the discussion on "The Church and the Nation."

The Bishop of Ripon is the president, and though he is not likely to have very much to say, he will say what there is with unfailing fluency and vivacious charm of manner. He is credited with learning by heart his sermons and speeches, a method adopted by most of the great Continental preachers, though less common in England. Whether Dr. Boyd-Carpenter will prove strong enough to keep the Congress in order is some-

what doubtful, and if he values his peace of mind he will be wise to take precautions beforehand against the threatened Kensit invasion of the meeting. If the man from Paternoster Row does make his appearance there will be a row royal, for the High Churchmen, justly shocked at the irreverence and profanity which he has stirred up, are determined that he shall not be heard. If we remember right, it was at a Church Congress that he commenced his present campaign, by jeering and hooting at the clergy as they were entering church for the opening service.

We notice that the Bradford Committee have very sensibly given up the sectional meetings, except in the evenings, when there are to be separate gatherings for women. In one programme before us those invited to these meetings are classified as "married women," "young ladies," and "young women," a vulgar and snobbish distinction, recalling that of the parson who announced a confirmation class on Mondays for "gentlemen," on Tuesdays for "men." We wonder who is responsible for this precious piece of ecclesiastical giganity! It has been altered, we observe, in the latest edition of the programme. The title of "working-men's meeting" appears to have been discarded in favour of "men's meeting," but we understand that special efforts are being made to secure the attendance of workmen. A Committee of Bradford artisans has, it is said, undertaken to carry out the arrangements, including a personal canvass of the whole town. This meeting will be addressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, among other speakers; and it is proposed to maintain the Workmen's Committee as a permanent working body, with the view of arranging a similar meeting in Bradford every year. A local Trade Union leader, Mr. George Hawkins, appears among the speakers who are to address the Congress on the relations of capital and labour. This is of itself sufficient to show how immensely the Church of England is advancing in the great towns, where she was supposed to be weakest thirty years ago. She is weakest now in the country parishes, and it is there that the battle of Establishment will be decided. The Congress might do worse than give some attention to this, the most assailable point of the defences of the Church.

THE TRUE SHAKESPEARE.

AN ESSAY IN REALISTIC CRITICISM.—PART X.

AND now the first part of my work is nearly done, for at length I may be allowed to run through in order the characters in which Shakespeare reveals his own personality. In his earliest comedy, "Love's Labour's Lost," he is the witty, voluble, mirthful Biron, a youthful poet rather than a courtier, interested in language more than in love, and typical in all his qualities of the sunny Renaissance. In his next comedy, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Shakespeare is manifestly Valentine. If the play is a later play than "Love's Labour's Lost," as I assume that it is, the better character-drawing may be regarded as the result of practice. In any case, Shakespeare, as we are afterwards to know him, is better drawn in Valentine than in Biron. Valentine is serious almost to melancholy, a lover of an infinitely gentle and forgiving nature. The neuropathic weakness of the poet, too, is indicated in Valentine's sleeplessness.

From the very beginning Shakespeare loved to pass from extreme to extreme. His "Venus and Adonis" is all passion; while Lucrece is all virtue. Working in the same spirit he gives us in Biron and Valentine the two sides of his nature; the poles as it were between which his being swung. In Biron we have his joyous view of life and life's activities, the poet's view; and if Biron instead of playing with love had been still more passionately devoted than Valentine, the division between the two spheres of mind and mood would have been as complete and perfect as it was later between Romeo and Hamlet; but Shakespeare was still very young and only beginning to learn his art, and so he damaged the portrait of Biron by too few strokes and confused the portrait of Valentine by too many. For just as Biron is meant to be the embodiment of Shakespeare's heart and poetic temperament, the sketch which

was to be later developed in Romeo and Troilus and which came to perfect portraiture in the Duke of "Twelfth Night," so Valentine is the incorporation of Shakespeare's character and intellect, the sketch of the melancholy, humane and reflective thinker which was elaborated later in Jaques and Brutus, and came to perfection in Hamlet and Macbeth. Shakespeare never managed to incorporate these two types of poet and thinker in one person; those who wish to understand him must remember that he is the Duke of "Twelfth Night" as certainly as he is Hamlet. There is in them no contradictory attribute; the two types complete each other. It would probably have been impossible to give the union of these types, the complete Shakespeare, in a drama where analysis cannot be used: as it is Hamlet stretches the dramatic form unduly.

After these first two comedies, Shakespeare wrote various minor things before the "Romeo and Juliet," which marks an astounding advance in power of characterisation. Romeo is plainly the young Shakespeare himself, the Biron-sketch perfected by passion, the poet-lover Shakespeare unveiling himself before the twin deities of desire and death. An interval followed, in which Shakespeare devoted himself to historical plays; he wrote "Richard II.," "Richard III.," and "John," and then gave us the "Merchant of Venice," in which he used Lorenzo as his mouth-piece to sing lyrics on music and moonlight and love. Another interval, also filled up with historical plays—the two parts of "Henry IV." and "Henry V."—the eponymous hero of which was the young poet's ideal of manhood—and then "Much Ado," where Shakespeare himself is hardly to be found, though Benedick has flashes of him, and "As You Like it," in which the melancholy of the reflective thinker—Shakespeare's most characteristic attitude towards life in riper manhood—first came to deliberate expression in Jaques, who is a Valentine vitalised by selecting art. With a characteristic revulsion he next discovered his heart to us in the poet-lover, the Duke of "Twelfth Night"—a Romeo grown to serene self-consciousness—and again he turned to things of the intellect and elaborated his portrait of Jaques in the still nobler Brutus, and then throwing off historical shackles and the youthful desire to ennoble humanity out of all likeness to reality, he gave us his intellectual maturity at its best in "Hamlet."

The Hamlet period is the most important in Shakespeare's art and in Shakespeare's life. Until he wrote "Hamlet" his portraits of himself were all ideal portraits. What faults has Biron, or Valentine, or Romeo, or the Duke of "Twelfth Night," or Jaques, or Brutus? But at length Shakespeare's poetic illusions were knocked out of him by life, and he came to self-consciousness through suffering. He has been cheated in love and friendship by his dearest; his hopes in life have all been ruined, and these deceptions have made him desire truth as he never desired it before. This desire for truth, this passion for reality, forced him to deal honestly with himself: he was fain to admit the faults and shortcomings of his own nature, and dared for the first time to portray them. He was no longer filled with ideal longings, and the superstition that he might be in himself a model of perfect manhood, which he still cherished in Brutus, fell from him. At length he saw that he had become one-sided; a poet in whom the humane, hesitating, reflective, literary temperament had killed the power of action, and even the wish for revenge; he recognised that in himself the "native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and so he created in his masterpiece Hamlet a world-type, while simply intent on revealing himself "in his habit as he lived." But the sufferings that had perfected his art continued for years; for years his disappointments and disillusion possessed his mind to the exclusion of all other interests, and this self-brooding damaged his art. Again and again he portrayed himself and his anguish till the cries became lyric in "Timon" and in parts of "Lear."

¹ I have already drawn attention to the facts that "Hamlet" is the longest of all Shakespeare's plays and that Hamlet's speeches and soliloquies are far longer than those accorded to any other character. In fine the action is stopped again and again for Hamlet to explain himself in endless monologues.

But I must not go too fast. After reaching the pinnacle of Hamlet it is likely enough that he wrote "Measure for Measure," a play mainly of observation in regard to the characters and in tendency a sort of tract against Puritanism. In this play he is the Duke, "the unhurtful opposite" whose anger can never endure to punishment and whose purpose wavers perpetually; he also used Claudio who is nothing but a name to deliver the splendid lyric on Death. Othello may have followed; its hero a sort of idealised Henry V.; its characters all creatures of the imagination; its emotion alone real—that absorbing passion and jealousy from which Shakespeare had recently suffered, as the Sonnets written shortly before teach us. Then Shakespeare returned to his own character and his own misery, and portrayed Hamlet again in Macbeth, in whom the melancholy doubtings have grown to despair. At length the personal anguish threatened his reason, and "Lear" was written.

"O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!"

It cannot be doubted that this cry is from Shakespeare's heart. "Lear" is not properly a drama; there is, perhaps, no completely realised character in it—even Kent is rather a sketch than a portrait—and yet the effect of this lyric of despair and madness is intensely dramatic. The emotion expressed is so tremendous that it gives life to the puppets, and we forget to question whether the characters are real or not when their cries are so poignant and personal. Shakespeare must have been recovering when he wrote "Lear," probably the fear of going mad had warned him not to indulge further his bitter anger and despair. In any case, "Lear" shows to me an artistry which is entirely lacking in Timon's ravings. If "Timon" be later as the commentators all affirm, it is a falling-back from the wonderful height of "Lear" to the lyric outbursts that disfigured "Troilus and Cressida."

At length Shakespeare won again to sanity and the enjoyment of peaceful hours. Time mitigated his sufferings and appeased his bitterness. He took up his dramatic work once more in the "Winter's Tale" and "Cymbeline." Never again did he give us a complex realistic portrait like Hamlet or Macbeth. As we have already said, he did not even tax invention in the latest fruits of his imagination but took the story from some of his earlier comedies. The sense of life's enjoyment is absent from these revisions—the Perdita-Autolycus part of "The Winter's Tale" alone excepted—the hand shows weariness, and with some trivial exceptions the characterisation is slight. In "Cymbeline" Posthumus and Imogen live, but Belarius is only Kent over again and the other figures are mere abstractions. Shakespeare felt this weakness of invention, for in the "Tempest" he frankly abandoned the attempt to create living beings and gave us instead creatures of pure fantasy.

It is a matter of certainty to me that "The Tempest" was Shakespeare's last work. Professor Dowden and most of the other commentators represent him as going back to Stratford as a sort of uncrowned king to enjoy his fortune and his fame in the home of his boyhood. Some even talk of his playing "country gentleman!" My view of the matter is totally different from this. No mind ever lived in the torture chamber of madness to come back to serene and unclouded enjoyment. If there were no positive evidence on either side I should still have been forced to assert that life had shipwrecked Shakespeare, that there could be no chance of real happiness again for the man betrayed in Troilus and Othello, maddened in Lear, misanthrope in Timon. Bankrupt in hope, and broken in health, Shakespeare drew home to Stratford to die. "The august serenity" of "The Tempest" so much extolled by the eulogists, is to me the calmness of scarcely-beating pulses, the moment of peaceful consciousness that comes when the fitful fever of life has done its work and the sufferer is near his rest. Who except a broken man who desired nothing except peace and quiet in which to prolong the last flickerings of life's candle, would have gone from the company of nobles and gallants of the Court of James to live in Stratford, with its open sewers reeking typhoid and its fanatic puritan villagers? And this view of mine

supported by Shakespeare's own words. The last speeches of Prospero are convincing enough. He will first "see the nuptial of these our dear beloved solemnised";

"And thence retire me to my Milan, where Every third thought shall be my grave."

But why does the Duke speak so despairingly?—one asks in utter surprise. He has everything a man can wish for, and it would suit the tone of the drama better were he to say that he intended to reign in Milan for his subjects' good or to ensure his daughter's happiness. A little earlier in the drama indeed he has said (Act iv. 1) that he lives for her. It is plain that Shakespeare's personal feeling ran away with him here and dictated the despairing words. And if any one can still doubt whether this view is right let him read carefully the Epilogue¹ which seems to have been written to exclude all possibility of doubt:—

"Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint."

After having "pardoned the deceiver," he adds;
"Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant."

He has no longer the will to work nor the strength; he has given freedom to the Ariel spirit of poetry and said his last farewells to the high past of rivalry, endeavour and achievement. It may well be that after a couple of years' vegetating and rest in Stratford he regained some measure of health. It is probable that he felt well enough when Drayton and Jonson came to visit him and break the soulless monotony of his daily existence, and it is likely that their companionship excited him even more than the wine drunk: a breath of quicker air and the feeble light went out.

This, then, is the conclusion of the first part of my undertaking; I have shown that Shakespeare has painted himself as the protagonist in thirteen of his chief plays:—

| | |
|---------------------------|----------------|
| In "Love's Labour's Lost" | he is Biron. |
| "Two Gentlemen of Verona" | Valentine. |
| "Romeo and Juliet" | Romeo. |
| "As You Like It" | Jaques. |
| "Twelfth Night" | The Duke. |
| "Hamlet" | Hamlet. |
| "Measure for Measure" | The Duke. |
| "Julius Cæsar" | Brutus. |
| "Macbeth" | Macbeth. |
| "Troilus and Cressida" | Troilus. |
| "Timon" | Timon. |
| "Cymbeline" | Posthumus. |
| "The Tempest" | Duke Prospero. |

These characters can easily be separated into two types. The heart of the man and his poet's temperament are embodied in Biron, Romeo, Troilus and the Duke of "Twelfth Night"; the intellect and character of the man are incorporated in Valentine, Jaques, Brutus, Hamlet, Macbeth, Posthumus, and Prospero. "But," some will ask, "is it possible that the man we admire in Brutus and Hamlet was ever sunk in sensuality like Troilus and the Duke in "Twelfth Night"? The question goes to the heart of the matter, and it is necessary here to settle it. Jaques does not appear to be a voluptuary; at first blush one would say that sensuality does not harmonise with the melancholy thinker type, and it does not in literary art, though it does in life. But we have evidence on the point; the Duke says of Jaques:

"For thou thyself hast been a libertine
As sensual as the brutish sting itself";
and Jaques admits the impeachment. Hamlet, too, is lewd in his talk with Ophelia; the coarseness may be in the speech and belong to the time, but the sensuality that prompts the words is in the character and forms as it were the connecting link between Hamlet and the Duke of "Twelfth Night."

Shakespeare has used, too, certain secondary characters to express his own feelings and opinions, as

¹ It is doubtful whether this epilogue was written by Shakespeare or not; but there can be no doubt that it was either written as Professor Dowden says "by some one acquainted with his thoughts" or by some one acquainted with his later works. The words of it may be taken then as giving in the main his views; his last despairing cry for mercy is to me inexpressibly touching and characteristic.

"Lorenzo," in the "Merchant of Venice"; Claudio, in "Measure for Measure"; Cassio, in "Othello"; and Edgar in "Lear." The list might easily be extended; Benedick, as I remarked in passing, is a mature Biron, and Antony in so far as he is recognisable at all has the features of Troilus; but I am content to remain within the bounds of assertion that admits of easy and absolute proof.

Will it be possible after this demonstration for any one in the future to hold with Emerson that "a good reader can in a sort nestle into Plato's brain and think from thence, but not into Shakespeare's. We are still out of doors"? It is surely just as possible to nestle into Hamlet's brain or into Prospero's brain as into Plato's; but it was almost inevitable that Emerson should exaggerate the difficulties of the feat; for there was a side of Shakespeare's intelligence with which Emerson was entirely out of sympathy. The last of the great Puritans, as he might be called, the thinker who could vilify Rabelais, could have had but scant fellow-feeling for Romeo or the Duke of "Twelfth Night," for that poet's temperament in Shakespeare which was in love with love itself, and so possessed with desire of beauty that like the nympholepts of old, the passionate pursuit became a madness. As he himself says:—

"The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us."

Out of doors, indeed! What fatuity! There is no one in all literature whom I know half so well as Shakespeare, and no one half so well worth knowing. Others have discovered a part of themselves, but this man, thanks to his wonderful union of dramatic and lyric gifts, has revealed himself as no other was able to do. Cervantes included in himself Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, and between these poles how many more humorous, pathetic, noble, and kindly characters that his small power of expression prevented him from creating? We have to guess at Cervantes' real nature and infer this and that quality from mere indications. But Shakespeare has given us not only Hamlet and Falstaff but also Romeo and the Duke of "Twelfth Night," a lover and poet as well as a thinker and humourist. He has painted himself at all ages and in every attitude; he has made his opinions into persons and his moods into tragedies, and yet the critics tell us that all his striving at self-realisation was in vain; that we know nothing of him. No more bewildering stupidity was ever penned. Whoever reads may know our Shakespeare better far than he knows any other of the immortals.

I shall next deal with his painting of women, and then with his sonnets, and lastly with his life; but it may be that one or two, or perhaps all of these essays will be reserved for publication in book form. It is sufficient for me that in this first series of articles I have proved that Shakespeare revealed himself in his dramas far more completely than in his sonnets.

FRANK HARRIS.

LA CHAISE-DIEU.

WE had been driving since seven o'clock in the morning, and when, after an hour's rest on the way, we reached Chaise-Dieu, the afternoon was already beginning. Our road lay along the gradual ascent of the plateau which stretches out, in the very heart of Auvergne, between the valley of the Allier and the valley of the Rhone. Behind us the ranges of the Puy de Dôme and the Monte Dore traced their delicate lines, lavender against a sky of watery blue, their sides shaded with a transparent rosy mist. From Chaméaue, which stands at a height of 2444 feet, the road drops to Le Vernet-la-Varenne, then rises again to St. Germain l'Hermé, and, after a little descent, rises almost continuously, through the woods about St. Alyre, to the height of 3575 feet. This wild and yet gentle countryside, once flaming with volcanoes, and now moulded by fire into these finer curves, has a charm of soft line and colour not often to be found in mountainous scenery. Wide green undulations flow outward, curve upon curve, like great green waves; an eternal flowing, wave upon wave, without the abruptness of pause or recoil. And this green scatters into infinite shades,

the varying greens of grass, the brown of the earth, the grey and silver of ripe corn, the yellow of corn through which the sickle has passed. At every turn it darkens into pine-woods, purple or black, rarely green, as they fill up deep hollows, half way to the horizon, or close suddenly upon the road, chilling the hot sunshine as we pass into their shadow. At intervals the pink roofs of a village, the red tiles turning rose-colour under the sunlight, nestle among a few trees on the side of a hill, or stand out sharply against the bright green of the fields, like a child's village painted with his favourite colours. Little artificial pools, built into the ground, from which lines radiate across the fields, mere slices in the ground, for watering the grass, shine a dull blue; and here and there a mist rises from a natural pool. They are already at work on a railway which is to spoil this untouched country-side, and we come upon horrible mounds of earth, ochre and grey, and bands of navvies working listlessly. But before and after these signs of modern hurry, we pass through tiny villages or by lonely fields, in which the women sit at their doors, or on the ground beside their goats and cows, working their lace-making bobbins with the delicate fingering of accomplished pianists.

La Chaise-Dieu, as it appeared suddenly, posed spectacularly against the sky, across a great space of green meadow, reminded me for a moment of the Troitsa Monastery, as it appears on its more fantastic height at Sergiero. The grey façade of the church, with its two low towers, rises out of a cluster of houses, with dull red tiles, which seem to press as closely as they can about it, with an affectionate homeliness. It is a village like one of the Roman hill-towns, precipitous, with houses squeezed into hilly corners; in the very midst the church, with its wide grey steps, its façade desecrated by a modern clock; below a glimpse of the plain at the end of a steep street; women sitting at their doors, making lace; or a few visitors from the department passing with their photographic apparatus, or lingering at the café door opposite; a few chasseurs. Around and behind the church once stood the vast Benedictine Abbey, the Casa Dei, founded in the early part of the eleventh century, which, under the later rule of Pope Clement VI., the second Avignon Pope who died there, and of Richelieu, its titular abbot, possessed the whole country we had traversed, then mainly forest. The church, gothic of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with but two sides still remaining of its cloister, suffered greatly at the time of the Revolution, when the spires were pulled down, the plate and relics stolen, the glass of the windows broken, the statues from all the niches of the great doorway, and almost all the small figures from the arch above the door, destroyed. The whole face has been battered off from the statue of Clement VI., in the centre of the doorway, and a stone mask absurdly stuck on to replace it. The white marble figure of the Pope, on his tomb in the choir, and two other recumbent figures in the ambulatory, have been mutilated; and the admirable Danse Macabre, scratched in with black on red ground, which runs along the outer wall of the choir, has been half effaced. But the real charm of the place has, one may suppose, but increased with time. Looking from the high altar, the choir, enclosed within its high walls, half-way to the low vaulting of the nave and aisles, presents a singular harmony of sombre colours, the grey brown of the fourteenth century stalls passing into the faded yellow of the early sixteenth century tapestries hung above them, a yellow dimly spotted with blue, red and black, and from that into the faintly yellow grey of the pillars, and the deeper yellow grey of the vault. By an effect in which time has been partly the artist, infinite splendours seem to have been repressed, with learned subtlety into that dim magnificence of colour.

And in the tapestries, as I sought out their whole imagery, what pictorial sense, what invention, at times what delightful humour! They tell the Biblical history of the world, from Adam to Christ, with a glimpse of the Last Judgment. Three large tapestries mark the two ends and the middle of the choir; in one of them Joseph piously counts his beads over the cradle of the newly born infant; another has a magnificent peacock;

in the third, a bright figure in the foreground, like a young Florentine, jauntily carries an arquebuse in front of the Crucifixion. Everywhere there is a luxury of robes, of head-dresses, of decorative trees and flowers and animals, a profusion of gold crowns, and golden vessels, and carved sepulchres, and Roman arches. An Adoration of the Magi distinguishes delightfully between the three kings: the old king with bald head and long grey beard, wearing an ermine cape, who kneels at the foot of the infant; the white face of the young king with his long and straight pale gold hair and furred cloak; and, at the back, the black face of Balthasar, wearing great gold ear-rings. Kings and captains have for the most part, like the king who shuts Daniel into the den of lions, long black hair and beard; and Balaam, a splendid figure wearing an immense red hat, is black-bearded like these royal persons; he leans over the head of the ass with his whip in the air, and the ass opens its mouth to speak, while an exquisite little angel looks down smilingly, holding the uplifted sword. A queen, Esther, kneels before Ahasuerus, wearing the Saracen henna above her crown; and a king and queen sit side by side, Solomon and the Beloved (or is it the Queen of Sheba?), he dressed as an early French king, with the thin melancholy face of St. Louis, she a piquant, delicious little person, dressed in red, with a fantastic crown of gold; she looks at him sideways out of her malicious eyes, showing their whites as she turns them in an enigmatical smile; but he is already weary of that and of all other vanities. In a delicious, artificial orchard of apple-trees and daisies, opening out of a panel in which angels surround an empty tomb, Christ appears to Mary Magdalen. A royal cloak is wrapped about him, gold embroidered upon red, lined with red, which floats in windy folds about his shoulders; he draws a golden fold tightly across his body for a covering. In his left hand he holds a spade, with his right hand he blesses her. She kneels, certainly not mistaking him for the gardener, in spite of the spade which the ingenious artist has put into his hand; she holds in her hands a golden cup, from which she lifts the cover. She is dressed like a court lady, with a great curled head-dress of pale gold colour, long white bishop's sleeves, a red outer skirt opening over an inner skirt of grey and gold; and she is tiny and delicate, under her long trailing robes, and kneels daintily among the daisies and the green and yellow leaves.

In the first panel one had seen Eve beside the serpent, under the eye of God, covering herself with fig-leaves, while her yellow hair, flowing out over her bent arm, covers Adam, as he stands behind her. In the last panel Christ sits on a rainbow, holding across his shoulders a sword which flowers into a lily, the hilt pointing to his left, while the dead rise out of the earth, the just passing over a floor of daisies towards a gateway through which a procession is already moving, the sinners falling into the prompt hands of a goat-horned, bat-winged demon who tears them asunder; while above, the Devil, a grotesque figure with a swine's face, circled by a serpent, holds a black sceptre, ending in a lash: tongues of flame rise behind him. It is as a somewhat ghastly prelude to this vision of judgment that the Dance of Death presents itself, on the reverse of the wall on which these tapestries are hung. The preternaturally long skeleton which agitates its fleshless limbs, threateningly or caressingly, between figure after figure—a dainty warrior, a solid burgher, a nun, youth and age, wealth and poverty—draws together a series of types, vigorously defined, in the unity, the blank level, to which death may be said to reduce life. Worn and battered, they fade off the very wall, which was to perpetuate their mortality, into the ghosts themselves.

Evening had begun when we started to drive back, and it was under a new aspect that we saw the long road whitened and darkened by the moonlight. It whitened the distant pines, which had been black under the sunlight, to a bluish grey; it darkened the pines that we passed through to a blackness fantastically streaked with white about the roots. Once at the bottom of a low slope, two girls, who were keeping watch over their goats, joined hands and began to swing one another round, as in a *ronde* of young peasants in some painter's Arcadia. We made our own

little Arcadia, gipsy-fashion, half-way home, with a bright fire made out of stolen brushwood lighting up the straight trunks of the pine-trees, through which we could just see the moon, on the other side, as we lay around the fire having our dinner ideally. Then more woods, St. Alyre, but vaguely distinguishable in the shadow, and again the long road. St. Germain nestled into its hollow under the moonlight, its walls whiter, its roofs a darker red than we had seen them before; a church-spire rose out of the cluster of roofs, from which a clock struck the hour; the little dark fountain in the irregular square dripped faintly. Black clouds had begun to rise over the mountains, hurried forward by a strong wind, and these clouds seemed to be drawn rapidly over the whole sky, like a curtain, till they blotted out the moon, which shone against them with a fiery whiteness. Rain set in before we reached Le Vernet-la-Varenne, and after that the whole country was washed out in a dripping mist, grey and wet to the end of the journey.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE JOYS OF ALP CLIMBING.

AS some criticisms of mine uttered in this journal a few weeks ago may possibly be used against Alp climbing, I should like to say a few words now on the secret of the charm which this sport has exercised over men of every kind. For it is to be noted that the men who have felt the fascination have been some of the ablest Englishmen of the present century. Professor Tyndall came very near to being the conqueror of the Matterhorn, fell over 1000 feet in an avalanche, and finally built himself an eyrie in one of the high places of the Alps. Mr. Leslie Stephen is hardly less devoted to the mountains than to books. The Rev. Llewellyn Davies was, I believe, the conqueror of the Dom. The present membership of the Alpine Club includes distinguished men from every branch of life—lawyers like C. E. Mathews, doctors like Dr. Savage, and writers like Mr. Douglas Freshfield and Mr. C. T. Dent. It is plain that we cannot lightly dismiss a sport which has gained the devotion of a body of men like this. Professionalism, at any rate, has not laid its taint on this sport. And there is scarcely a famous climber who has not been distinguished in other ways. Mr. Edward Whymper is not only an intrepid climber but also a distinguished engineer. Mr. Mummery, who died in the Himalayas, was a writer and lecturer of no mean ability, while Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hereford George are both distinguished teachers at Oxford.

What, then, is the fascination, how is it that the world seems to be divided into two camps—those who have fallen under its sway and those who deride it from the beginning? There are, of course, certain obvious things to say. We may talk at length about the advantages of mountain air. But that, after all, can be obtained without risking your neck. Now that there is a railway up to the Gorner Grät the Londoner and the Parisian will be safely transported in herds up to an atmosphere which is quite sufficiently rarefied for their purpose; and when that monstrous undertaking, the Jungfrau railway, is finally completed, and the danger of sardine tins once and all added to the perils above the snow line, this argument for climbing will have finally disappeared. What will happen when this last engineering enormity is perpetrated? I suppose that if mountaineers were possessed of the true modern spirit they would just sell their ice axes for old iron, spend the profits in taking a railway ticket, and voyage up to the heights through the tunnels of the Jungfrau. But they will do nothing of the kind. They have quite enough dangers to face of their own without being exposed to the ignominious horror of being choked in a railway tunnel by a fall of rock, or swept off the permanent way by an avalanche of ice. They will leave these dangers to be faced by their anxious relatives. They will take their ropes and axes elsewhere, and seek out mountains which still defy the engineer. For here we reach two essential elements of the sport—the love of adventure and the love of solitude. I do not say that these elements exist in all mountaineering; for a certain amount of activity is to be put down in this, as in other matters of life, merely to the infection of fashion. But these are tests of the true mountaineering spirit. The genuine climber will be hap-

piest when he is alone—when he is carrying on his sport in a remote country away from the applause of the hotels. To him there will be a sensible diminution of pleasure if he finds that there is another party on his mountain at the same time as himself. He goes to seek the solitude of the snows; his deepest joys are to be found in the glittering expanse of the snow-field, the mighty curve of the glaciers, and the awful silence of the rock summit piercing the skies with its ragged spire. To him are vouchsafed sights never seen or imagined by dwellers in the plain—line on line of mountains, like some frozen sea, hushed under the solitary moon; the march of cloud and vapour as they debouch from their night bivouac and march in the early morning up the mountain side; or, more splendid than all, the mighty war of the elements as the thunder roars from peak to peak, and the clouds eddy in their wild dance around the mountain top. What words can describe those visions? For these are the masonic secrets of the mountaineer, which can be communicated to no one outside the craft, and must be seen even to be believed.

It is for these things and for no reckless risking of life that men like Dr. Hopkinson leave their quiet English existence, and seem to the outside world to be seized with a kind of madness as they approach the mountains. But let us candidly confess that there is another aspect of the sport which is almost equally important. Mountaineering is pursued very largely as a physical exercise. It is not necessary to defend this to Englishmen. There is no kind of bird or beast which Englishmen will not readily massacre in order to obtain fine exercise. It is the pride of mountaineers that they cause hurt to none but themselves, and risk injury to no life but their own. And yet theirs is an exercise which ranks, I venture to say, very high among the modes of developing the human body. If we are to accept modern conjectures of human origin, we must also admit that climbing exists as a suppressed energy in all human beings. The study of the human infant has been taken to prove that man is naturally a climbing animal; and certainly the clutching power of a baby's foot is the envy of every rock climber. Perhaps with careful development a baby might be trained to retain this power, and a new class of climbers be evolved. I commend this as a counsel of perfection to climbing parents. A short time ago a book was produced, in which were contained some interesting disquisitions on "the climbing foot," and the writer proved by photographs that the foot of a good climber becomes more prehensile than that of other human beings. That alone adds to human power.

But it is not only the foot that acquires power. In watching the Jubilee Procession last year I remember being struck by the tremendous superiority of the sailors over the soldiers in the swing of their bodies and the freedom of all their limbs. The explanation is simple. The sailor is a climbing animal. The finest servants of London are the members of the Fire Brigade. They, too, are climbing animals. As any one who has kept an orchard will readily admit, the boy is also a climbing animal. And he who does not retain even in later years the desire to climb trees is but a decadent child of civilisation. I have some friends who spend what time they can spare from climbing mountains in climbing poplars. I was visiting them on one occasion when they took me for an afternoon's enjoyment of this form of sport. I confess that I was new to poplars, and that I found them somewhat unnerving, but I recognised the perfect reasonableness of the sport, and hope that this mention of it may cause it to spread. The latest club calls itself simply the "Climbers' Club." The name is simple and adequate. In the absence of mountains there is no reason why this club should be at a loss. Are there not still trees?

To sum up this side of the matter. The charm of climbing as an exercise consists in the fact that it gives full play to every muscle of the body, that it implies a constant call on the resource and judgment of the climber, and that, above all, it develops qualities of prudence and reserve; for there is no man who becomes so prudent as he who takes his life in his hands, and there is no man so reserved as he whose lungs are entirely occupied by frequent respirations.

It remains to mention one last and perhaps the most

important element of satisfaction in climbing. It is the cultivation of comradeship. "Most valley-lubbers," to use the expressive Tyrolese phrase, fail to understand the reasons which weigh with climbers in a question like that of cutting the rope. I speak as one who has not been tempted when I say that he is not a climber who would not prefer death to cutting the rope. When two or three individuals are roped together for a mountain ascent each of the party contributes to a sort of "pool" of risk. Each one draws from that pool a certain fund of increased security. There might be circumstances in which one would be safer alone, but on the whole the strength of several is greater than that of one. He obtains the advantage of being roped with the others, and in his turn he sacrifices the chance of safety which he might draw from being alone. If he draws the advantage, and then when an emergency arises contracts himself out of the bargain by cutting the rope, his survival is a breach of contract. Perhaps, if the climber were always presented with a clear alternative, the case would be different. But in nine cases out of ten he will never be able to decide in time whether the others will pull him down or he will pull them up. To cut the rope is to decide the doubt in his own favour. There was a famous accident on the Lyskamm in which a brave guide who could have saved himself by cutting the rope was gradually dragged over the cornice by a party of several men who had fallen. But I doubt not that he hoped to save the others up to the very moment of falling himself. At any rate there is no man who could wish that he should have returned alive. It is this feeling of mutual risk and common liability which gives its peculiar strength and beauty to Alpine comradeship. It is an old saying that the best friendships are the friendships made in danger; and except the friendships of war I suppose there are few so deep and enduring as those of Alpine climbing.

HAROLD SPENDER.

THE VERACITY OF DE ROUGEMONT.

TWENTY years or so ago, when the child-type and pantomime were not yet extinct, a measure of popularity was accorded to a story entitled "Eyes and No Eyes," in which, by the simple expedient of fantastic and far-fetched phrase, our every-day life was skilfully distorted to the proportions of the supernatural. The striking of a match, the boiling of water, the toilet soap, the morning news sheet, would in this way become the marvels of some dreamland. And so, from one point of view, they undoubtedly are. In a world growing older and more sated with the marvellous, we calmly accept natural phenomena and scientific inventions that would have suggested the evil one to the less sophisticated minds of our forebears. The steam engine and telephone, to ourselves the merest conveniences of modern civilisation, would undoubtedly turn the brain of many a savage now inhabiting unexploited wastes. But it is a strange thing that just as the infinite resources of educated mankind are calculated to shock the brain of the primitive barbarian, so the untraveller of cities reels with amazement when suddenly confronted with the wild marvels of eternal nature. The shark and giant squid, every-day sights to the South Sea Islander, are all but incredible to the stay-at-home who has not seen anything larger than a dogfish or some small cuttle, and his first instinct is emphatically to deny their existence. If there are, as we recently had occasion to learn, folks capable of disbelieving the presence of large sharks at our very door, what possibilities of scepticism are not opened up by a simple recital of the wonders of nature in the Pacific Ocean, where excessive heat and an inexhaustible food supply conduce to the growth of giants? M. de Rougemont is, I fancy, the victim of sensational journalism. I have no word to say against the magazine that has made him famous, as I know nothing of its methods beyond the general programme vouchsafed to its readers. But from this alone it may be inferred that the sensational and thrilling are its mainstay. Told in matter-of-fact language, and deprived of the somewhat startling assistance of the artist's drawings, his story bears, so far, little or nothing that need raise a doubt. There is no need to concern ourselves with his dealings with the Anthropological section of the British Association beyond

expressing regret that a gentleman of such admittedly vague antecedents should have been called upon to address that remarkable body, or that, having been so invited, he should have met with so little courtesy as to be assured that his papers were a source of disappointment to the august lovers of the sensational there assembled.

The mass of correspondence that has, however, appeared in the daily papers bears in the main upon the aforementioned article in the August number of the "Wide World Magazine." Such open criticism, freely offered and met without flinching, must be matter for rejoicing to lovers of the truth in general and to the proprietors of that periodical in particular. Perhaps, though, de Rougemont himself is the chief gainer. This is the age of advertisement, and there can be no more effective advertisement of travellers' tales than to throw doubt upon them. Excessive zeal on the part of the critics may even open up pleasing vistas of substantial damages in the libel court. The remarkable seamanship of this man returned from the dead has already attracted the attention of nautical critics in more than one paper. It was too much to expect that the navigation, single-handed, of a 40-ton schooner in a whirlpool and the subsequent casual hoisting of her mainsail in half a gale, related with a curt modesty that exceeded judicious bounds, would pass unchallenged. It seems, however, quite possible, considering the lapse of time and memory and the strange manner in which this story was prepared for publication, that details of considerable technical value, albeit of only slight general interest, may without difficulty have escaped record. Pharsalia was not won quite so easily as the famous three words of the victor might lead a literal man to believe. Nay, even had de Rougemont been acquainted with the technicalities of navigation, and had memory served him to such purpose, it would be quite legitimate for the editor, knowing his public, to make as little as possible of the drybones of seamanship and as much as possible of the more welcome shark and octopus. If, reading between the lines, we imagine the almost superhuman efforts of a despairing man unwilling to drown, it is quite conceivable that that mainsail may have been hoisted, even in the face of such fearful odds. There remain to us, then, the sober contemplation of de Rougemont's natural history, and the question whether his accounts of birds and beasts and fishes contain one single episode that cannot be reconciled with what is already known. I venture to think that the only element of the sensational in this portion of his narrative is to be found in the amazing language and illustrations. Even the whale (which the author sees through the back of his head!) and alligator in his latest instalment are frankly impossible only in the drawings. Admitting that neither writer nor artist have made a study of natural history, the discrepancies and errors may easily be accounted for. Take seriatim the bare facts. A huge squid drags a man and boat beneath the surface, and the man is recovered alive; a leopard-seal rears up before the astonished gaze of the terrified swimmer; a shark is killed by the planting in its jaws of a stake, and its corpse is subsequently ridden back to the boat by its captor; pelicans disgorge their fish for the castaway to steal; de Rougemont treads on the spine of a sting-ray, and rides loggerhead turtles round the shallow lagoon. How do these simple statements read in the picturesque language that fills the "thrilling" ideal of the aforementioned magazine? The squid becomes an octopus, and the artist gives us a veritable octopus with at least *ten* arms! (Mr. Louis Becke, by the way, knows of one with only *six*, for which, I suspect, they would pay a heavy price at South Kensington). The leopard-seal—unoffending mammal—becomes "a monstrous fish with an enormous hairy head and fierce, fantastic moustaches." The shark is gagged, not with the customary stake, but with a "pointed skewer," that looks, in the drawing, like a tenpenny nail. The sting-ray is confused with the torpedo-ray, a totally different member of the order. Either the ray had a serrated dagger, capable of inflicting the painful wound he received, or else it had the power of giving electric shocks. Nature is not so lavish of her brutalities as to permit a combination of the two. If spiders had wings, it would go hard with the insect world; and a

combined sting-ray and torpedo-ray would be a monster too formidable for the seas of this earth. Mr. Cornish is quite within his rights in denying that wombats "rise in clouds," but de Rougemont meant flying squirrels, and the error is of slight importance in the discussion.

I have no desire to underrate the bitterness of de Rougemont's sufferings, or for that matter the interest of his story, but I must confess that I am a little disappointed with the promised revelations, and it is difficult to understand how these came to be boomed by the scepticism of men presumably capable of judging in such matters. How, for instance, came Dr. Forbes to deny the presence of flocks of pelicans on those sandpits so characteristic of the north Australian coast, when, in a single summer trip by the now hackneyed British India route, a powerful glass would convince him of their reality. How, too, did so old a traveller as Louis Becke question the possibility of turtle-riding, a method of capture well known at any rate since Darwin described it for the benefit of the stay-at-home? These doubts in truth surprise me far more than anything in the story of de Rougemont, who, leaving aside the requirements of the magazine for which he writes, states, so far as I am able to see, only commonplace facts in the highly-coloured language that might be expected of a man who has spent half his life amid primitive savagery. He has not been treated over fairly either, for while the half of his critics complain that his inventions verge on the impossible, the other half maintain that he records little that was not already published by older travellers. As well quibble—and I marvel, indeed, that no philologist has yet come forward with the objection—over the execrable French in which the castaway's friendly apparition bids him hope! M. de Rougemont promised, through his editor, to thrill the reading and untravelled public; and, failing a stock of the truly marvellous (a rare brand in these jaded times), the best course was to wrap the facts in fantastic language elucidated by fantastic drawings. Let those who misunderstand my attitude repair to Her Majesty's Theatre and watch Roderigo as, playing with a fine restraint the part of travelled liar, he keeps the foolish court agape with the recital of volcanoes, dolphins and other trifles that, in these days of Cook and Gaze, evoke no wonderment and barely disturb those who placidly browse at the saloon table. To this thrilling mariner enter Beatrix, who breaks the spell with epithets worthy of a fish-hag, more outspoken, though scarce more impolite, than the savants at Bristol.

I would it were possible for me to pay the magazine and its new find the willing tribute of disbelief. I cannot. I care not whether the hero was born in Paris, Panama, or the Ile du Diable. Nor do I tremble, as I should wish, at the meeting, promised by Sir George Newnes, between de Rougemont and Jensen (shades of Livingstone and Nansen!), which will doubtless be consummated in good time. But I gladly congratulate the magazine on the glory thus early shed on its refined pages and the "Chronicle" on its ingenious and not, I hope, unprofitable *pièce de resistance* for the end of the holidays.

AYLMER POLLARD.

REACTIONARY SCIENCE.

THE 1898 meeting of the British Association is done with, and the great disappointment of the Presidential address is a thing of the past. To those interested in the ultimate problems of nature the election of Sir William Crookes to the Presidency was more than a routine and ephemeral recognition of his distinguished place in the hierarchy of science; from his ripe knowledge and his curious and adventurous imagination we expected a daring excursion into those regions where experimental methods fade into metaphysics, into that borderland where the jagged frontier of knowledge stretches into the unknown. In the latter part of this century, chemists have offered us a shadowy dream with the slightest skeleton of substantial fact, of a theory of the elements comparable with the nebular hypothesis of worlds and the evolutionary conception of organisms. In earlier times we had to take the chemical elements as isolated and ultimate facts in the universe, as so many sneering limits to the knowledge of man. Each new discovery, like the recent exploits of Pro-

fessor Ramsay and his associates, was a mere addition to the heap of discrete counters with which we had to play at our puzzle-game of matter. In recent times, however, chemists have been suggesting that the elemental counters are neither ultimate nor absolute. One long series of investigations culminated in the marvellous periodic law of Mendeléeff, according to which the elements have inevitable places in a concrete scheme. The spectroscopic investigations of Huggins and Crookes, and the fractional distillations of Crookes, lead us still further from the old views of the isolated discreteness of the elements. We begin to think of them, darkly, rather as positions of stability determined by conditions external to themselves, as fixed points in a continuous series. Above all, we have the luminous suggestion, crystallised in the word "protyle," that there is a primitive form of matter, comparable to protoplasm in the organic realm, out of which and by combinations of which all the different forms of matter have been evolved. With such speculations—and speculation is to science what faith is to religion—the name of Crookes is intimately associated, and it is a matter of profound regret that he preferred to the kind of address he could have written, a variation of the old fable according to which the Giant Despair puffed out by crude statistics is to be slain by the good airy science bearing a magic wand of fixed nitrogen.

It was not, however, the Presidential address, but the elaborate obscurantism of Professor Japp in his address to the section of chemistry which suggested the title of this article. We may confidently expect that the remarks of the Aberdeen professor will play for a long time a conspicuous part in the writings of those astute opportunists who regard every scientific difficulty as a valuable buttress to some system of religious philosophy. To the confident faith of some of the Early Christian Fathers the possibility of spontaneous generation and the probable absence of any insuperable gap between living and non-living matter presented no philosophical or religious difficulty. To them all the phenomena of the universe offered an equal wonder of superhuman fixity of law, an equal argument of superhuman origin of the material universe. Evolution of organism from organism or of organism from matter would have seemed to them conceptions no more destructive to faith than the shifting routine of the stars or the sparkling growth of crystals in a mother-liquid. But for some reason, the historical tracing of which would be a curious inquiry, modern philosophy, lay and clerical, has clung resolutely to the idea of an absolute dichotomy between organized and unorganized matter. When the careful methods of the young science of bacteriology made it plain that the mediæval doctrine *omne vivum e vivo* extended to the minutest and lowest of organisms, the result was hailed as a tremendous gain to dogmatic theology.

This imagined importance of the distinction between living matter and dead matter was extended to the complex chemical substances called organic because they occur naturally only as the derivatives of living animals and plants. Organic substances were held to differ from inorganic not merely because they were a peculiar and highly complex group of bodies, but because, although they contained no distinctive elements, the elements composing them were supposed to be arranged in some peculiar fashion, anomalous so far as ordinary physics and chemistry go, and due to a mysterious vital force. A recent series of triumphs of modern chemistry has been the artificial production in the laboratory of a large number of these organic bodies. The list of these bodies already is sufficiently long, and is continually being added to. In the minds of most chemists and biologists these successes have seemed the inevitable result of the advance of science, and exceedingly probable advances towards the complete removal of the barrier that has been raised in thought between organic and inorganic matter. There is no possible question of an overthrow of the disproof of spontaneous generation. Even if advances in synthetic chemistry and advances in knowledge of the structure of living matter ultimately meet in the artificial formation of living protoplasm, the new-formed living material would not be any existing organism. To employ a rough analogy, we may compare the structure of any

living organism to a historic cathedral. It is possible to imagine a simulation stone by stone of an ancient pile, but the reconstruction, however faithful, could not repeat the slow incrustations of the ages and the long trail of historical associations. Any living organism has behind it a series, indefinite and irreclaimable, of modifications that, unlike the case of the cathedral, affect both external form and properties. The possible protoplasm of the laboratory necessarily would be simpler than that of any existing form of animal or plant. None the less, the formation of organic bodies has scared those obsessed by the gratuitous terror of a breach in the wall between life and non-living matter, and Professor Japp has come to their aid.

The new prophet, however, has nothing more remarkable in his doctrine than its proclamation with the pomp and dignity lent by a seat in the chair on the section devoted to chemistry. Long ago, Pasteur, who was the founder of that branch of modern chemistry with which Professor Japp dealt, made his remarkable discovery between the optical activity of certain chemical bodies and the existence of a peculiar asymmetry in their structure. This asymmetry has been compared with the relation between a right hand and a left hand, but a more ingenious and intelligible comparison is that with a semi-detached villa. The whole edifice is a symmetrical body; the right-hand house and the left-hand house are each lop-sided, and their wants of symmetry are complementary, so that the reflection in a mirror of, say, the left-hand villa would seem, not another left-hand villa, but the twin right-hand portion of the building. When light passes through solutions of bodies the molecules of which correspond to the twin pairs, it is unaffected; when it passes through solutions containing an excess of right-hand or left-hand structures, it is twisted to the right or to the left. When organisms act upon a neutral solution they gradually transform it into an active solution by selective absorption of one set of the component parts. Pasteur proclaimed, what has since been shown to be probably universal truth, that organisms alone produce isolated bodies of right or of left-handed asymmetry. Moreover, it appears to be the case that, when organic bodies are formed artificially, either the twin halves are present in a conjoined state or in such equal proportions that they neutralise one another, with the result that the artifacts are neutral to light, while the natural products twist it.

It is upon the reiteration of such facts, stated certainly with a distinguished luminosity, that Professor Japp founds his claim to the grave attention of biologists and the profound gratitude of philosophers. He drives it home by two extraordinary statements. It happens to be the case that chemists, by picking out crystals under the microscope, are able to separate, in artificially prepared solutions, the two kinds of symmetrical bodies, and so to prepare optically active bodies, like those actually formed in organisms. To this Professor Japp, borrowing, as he tells us, from Owen Brown, retorts that here, after all, there is the operation of living organisms acting through the microscope! Precisely so; unless man, an organism, existed, there would be no possibility of the human production of organic bodies. The second remarkable statement is remarkable only as coming from a scientific man, who presumably has a training in the logical pursuit of an argument. It is the statement that it is inconceivable that at the first beginning of life these optically active bodies could have come into existence without the direct intervention of some selective agency comparable with the action of a chemist selecting and rejecting with the aid of a microscope. For this statement is precisely the thesis which Professor Japp professes to be proving.

"THE GREAT RUBY," &c.

I CONCEIVE that for people who have nothing better to do it must be great fun to write a play for Drury Lane. Last year, the management wanted Battersea Park and a diving-bell, amongst other things; this year, it wanted Lord's, a balloon, a four-in-hand, bicyclists on the road, Prince Ranjitsinhji and the Military Tournament. Mr. Collins, I assume, writes these things down on a sheet of paper, which Messrs.

Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton take to the seaside, and in due course the play is delivered. In fact, Druriology must be very like doing *bouts-rimés*, and the ingenious result bears the same relation to drama as do *bouts-rimés* to poetry. Have Messrs. Raleigh and Hamilton deduced, this year, a plausible play from Mr. Collins' premisses? I do not mean a play which will be applauded—for nobody can refrain from clapping in a National Theatre—but rather a play which carries some illusion of drama: do the given scenes seem to have been evolved from the play, or does the play seem to be a mere setting for the given scenes? Is this too high a test? As a student of Druriology, I think not. A great poem, of course, cannot be founded on *bouts-rimés*—the aim is to make a seemingly natural poem, and that aim can be attained by due ingenuity. Great drama cannot be founded on Mr. Collins' lines—all that Mr. Collins can hope for is a seemingly natural play, one that shall absorb his own ideas and not expose them, in all their lustrous nudity, to the public eye. And I declare that, with due ingenuity, a seemingly natural play might have been—but has not been—founded on Lord's, a balloon, &c. I admit that the task was difficult. I fancy that Mr. Collins may take a sly pleasure in making his annual list as difficult as possible. Prince Ranjitsinhji may have been thrown in merely that the authors might show how far their ingenuity could really go to turn the celebrity of a living man to dramatic account, is a very hard and delicate task, with which, so far as I know, former Druriologists have not had to cope. How far Prince Kassim Wadia is meant to be a true portrait of Prince Ranjitsinhji, I am not yet sure. He is made up exactly like him; he plays cricket for Cambridge and makes enormous scores; the India Office insists that he shall return to his native land. So far, the portrait is taken direct from life. But has the real Prince ever fallen in love with a Russian adventuress; has he helped her to steal a jewel; has he murdered a man in a balloon? If Messrs. Raleigh and Hamilton know that he has done these things, their exposure of him should have been made to the police, not to the public. If he has not done these things, Messrs. Raleigh and Hamilton have been guilty of a rather gross breach of good taste—for how is the public to know where the realistic part of their portrait ends and the fictional part of it begins? That the Censor did not step in and save Prince Ranjitsinhji is not extraordinary. The Censor's vagaries are a sacred institution. But I do wonder that the public has not protested against the cheapening of last year's hero. Will Mr. C. B. Fry be represented as a thief and murderer next autumn? And, meanwhile, has the figure of Prince Ranjitsinhji at Madame Tussaud's been moved into the Chamber of Horrors?

I have digressed. I was saying that "The Great Ruby" is not a natural play, that the authors might have made a more ingenious solution of the problem set them by Mr. Collins. But, you may argue, the public wants to see Lord's, a balloon, &c., and does not care twopence for the play's quality. Possibly; yet that is no reason why Mr. Collins, to whom Drury Lane has been given as a sacred trust, should be content with trash. I am sure that Mr. Collins is anxious to elevate the public with good plays. His mistake is in leaving Druriology in the hands of Messrs. Raleigh and Hamilton. Why should he not make it a public competition? Let him publish his list of scenes early in the year, fix a date on or before which all solutions must be sent in, and then select the best for his next production. That would be a very popular move. The public fritters away all its leisure in solving those little acrostics and puzzles which are the pivot of the minor press, everyone hoping to win a cottage-piano, or a sewing-machine, or even a postal-order for five shillings, and to see his or her photograph reproduced over his or her name and address. What labour would these good people spare if the prize dangled before them were the royalties of a Druriologist? All that very real ingenuity which they squander now on the pettiest tasks would be pressed into the service of Mr. Collins. I make my suggestion in perfect seriousness. I hope that Mr. Collins will take it. Think! "The Manager of Drury Lane Theatre has pleasure in announcing that

the winner of the Dramaturgic Competition for 1899 is:—

Miss Hilda Parkes,
32, Lime Row,
Leamington,

whose solution will therefore be produced at Drury Lane early in September. The solutions sent in by

Mrs. Albert Sprigg,
The Acacias,
Ealing,

and by Mr. Cecil Raleigh,
Playgoers' Club,

have been adjudged worthy of honourable mention."

Setting aside the play itself, I found "The Great Ruby" very good indeed. It is an admirable substitute for the cinematograph, and it has this advantage over the rival invention: it does not quiver. To watch a cinematograph is to expose one's optic nerves to an awful strain: to persist in watching it is to court blindness. At Drury Lane, however, the proscenium is quite steady, and one's eyes are safe. Whether the lives of those who sit in the two or three front rows of the stalls are equally safe, is another question. By this time, doubtless, the horses in the fourth act have become accustomed to the footlights. But on the first night the poor brutes seemed horribly nervous and unmanageable. The horse ridden by the Indian Prince, after gibbing in the middle of the stage, finally bolted off with some gallant super clinging to its bridle—greatly to my relief, for I, sitting in the second row of the stalls, had thought it quite as likely as not to take a flying leap over the orchestra, and had been wondering who would be chosen to criticise plays for this paper. Otherwise the evening passed quite smoothly and cheerfully. There was only one disappointment. In the scene at Lord's, the characters continually asked one another whether they were going that night to the Opera, and I supposed that in due course the stage would be occupied by Melba, Plançon and the De Reszkes, whilst Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Pateman and the rest of the company would appear in various boxes about the house. Why should not the auditorium be thus utilised in Mr. Collins' scheme of realism? Perhaps next autumn . . . but I will not throw out any more hints to Mr. Collins. Even as it is, I shall not have room to discuss "Macbeth," the very powerful and interesting play which Mr. Forbes Robertson has just produced at the Lyceum. That must be reserved for next week. But I may mention that "Little Miss Nobody," at the Lyric, is a bright example of its kind, with many good songs and dances. Miss Kate Cutler plays the chief part in it very carefully and prettily. Mr. Lionel Brough plays with such gusto as to make one forget that he was doing this kind of thing when the rest of the cast were in their cradles. But I hope that he does not mean to cut the legitimate for long. The chorus behaves vivaciously. "The Belle of New York" has evidently taught English managers the value of a vivacious chorus, and the Paris-model convention of the Gaiety will soon, I hope, be quite obsolete. The dresses at the Lyric look duly expensive. But in pieces of this kind how much better it were to make all the dresses fantastic. A chorus in Scotch tweeds is horrible. In point of realism it is a complete failure—nothing could look less like real people in the Highlands. The manager, of course, aims not at realism, but at a nice *coup d'oeil*. Then let him avoid Scotch tweeds at any rate. Never was material so unsuited to what theatrical costumiers, I am told, call "limelight-wear." All the Scotch dresses should have been silken. At the Prince of Wales', where "The Royal Star" is being played, one finds a really intelligent use of costume, the aspect of a period amusingly and prettily suggested. The scheme of the play is trite and meagre, but Messrs. Maurice Ordonneau and Francis Richardson, the authors, have contrived some good lyrics and jests and—the most important point—a good part for Mr. Edouin, that amazing creature. MAX.

MONEY MATTERS.

DEARER money has taken the place of politics as the disturbing influence on the Stock Exchange during the week. The monetary position in New York has been closely watched and a rise in the Bank rate in

the near future was considered inevitable. The markets have consequently been inactive, and Paris has been a further source of weakness on account of the sensational developments of the Dreyfus case. Not much uneasiness is felt with regard to the Fashoda business, and the general opinion is held that, even if Captain Marchand has succeeded in reaching the Upper Nile, the French Government at the present juncture is not likely to insist upon his remaining there. At the most the success of his expedition can only serve as an audacious pretext for obtaining concessions elsewhere. What uneasiness exists is due rather to a vague and unexpressed feeling that militarism in France, utterly discredited as it is by recent events, may seek a refuge from complete disgrace by some sudden and violent means. The conduct of the chiefs of the French Army in the Dreyfus case proves conclusively that they will hesitate at nothing to achieve their ends, and the danger, remote though it may be, is that the Fashoda incident may be seized upon as a pretext to plunge the country into war in order to divert the attention of France from the sordid and disgraceful story which is gradually being revealed. Affairs in the Far East are also less satisfactory, and the hopes which were based upon the sudden dismissal of Li Hung Chang have been quickly dissipated by the news that his disgrace is likely to be of the shortest possible duration. Moreover in the Near East, in spite of Admiral Noel's prompt and effective action, the general position is still far from being secure. The recent activity on the Stock Exchange has proved, therefore, to be but a false start, and this unfortunate year seems likely to drag itself out to a gloomy end.

The large withdrawals of gold from the Bank on the New York account, and the expectation of a further drain of gold to the United States, made it necessary for the Bank of England to raise its discount rate on Thursday to 3 per cent., from the 2½ per cent. at which it has stood since 30 June last. The long-expected efflux of gold has come at last with unexpected suddenness. Last week only £100,000 was withdrawn from the Bank for export and the banking reserve actually increased by £200,000. This week £981,000 of gold has been withdrawn, chiefly for the United States, and the reserve has decreased by £526,410. Nevertheless, the position of the Bank is stronger, for, owing to a large decrease in private deposits, the proportion of reserve to liabilities has risen 1½ to 50½ per cent. The Bank has been borrowing largely in the open market, as is shown by the decrease of £2,040,000 in Government and "other" securities. The discount market was unsettled by the change in the Bank Rate, which, though anticipated shortly, was scarcely expected this week, and the three-months' rate rose to 2½ to 2½ per cent., as against 1½ to 1½ per cent. last week. The Bank deposit rate is now 1½ per cent. for money at call, and 1½ per cent. at notice. Consols were not affected by the change in the Bank rate, though it is to be noted that at their present price of 109½ they are well below the highest price of the year.

The monetary position in New York is quite anomalous, and the demand for gold from this side seems absurd in view of the fact that the United States Treasury holds cash balances to the amount of £63,000,000, £48,000,000 of which are in gold. The Treasury would be very glad to deposit these balances with the banks, and thus to relieve the situation, for the reserves of the banks are almost depleted. But the law demands that the banks shall hand over Government bonds as security for such deposits, and Government bonds are precisely what banks cannot at present get hold of, except at very high prices. Consequently gold has to be engaged to import from abroad, whilst at the same time the Treasury balances are increasing as the payments for the new war bonds come in. This deadlock seems to point to the necessity for some reform in the method of dealing with Treasury balances in the United States. On the other hand, it is suggested that Government payments throughout the country for war purposes have distributed large amounts of money in the interior, and that the demand

for the moving of the crops may not after all be so great as is anticipated. The latest advices are to the effect that the position in New York is much easier, and it almost looks as if the Directors of the Bank of England have been in rather a hurry to raise the Bank rate, when they might perhaps have arrested the outflow of gold by raising their selling price of bullion.

The Home Railway Market has been absolutely void of interest. Changes have been slight and irregular, though mostly in a downward direction. The only important decline was one of $2\frac{1}{2}$ points in Metropolitan stock; South Western Ordinary, on the other hand, has risen 1, and North Eastern $\frac{1}{2}$. Nor have the traffic returns of the week been of a character to arouse any animation in the market. The North Eastern gained £7759, the South Western £4707, the North British £4657, the Caledonian £2867, the Hull and Barnsley £1235, and three others under £1000. The Midland, on the other hand, led off with a big decrease of £11,072; the Great Western followed with a drop of £7190, which is nevertheless a considerable improvement on recent returns; and the two Metropolitans each showed declines of three figures. The Caledonian meeting was held at Glasgow on Tuesday, and the chairman had the same story to tell as his English colleagues. Working expenses have increased all round, and have effectually swallowed up the increase in the gross receipts. Everything, he said, had been dearer during the past half-year, but wages and coal were the principal items in the increased expenditure. On coal and coke £12,347 more had been spent than in the corresponding half of last year; on wages, under the head of traffic charges, £10,385, and under the head of locomotive charges, £4942. However, there must some day come an end to the troubles of railway shareholders. Wages and the cost of coals cannot for ever increase, and growing traffic receipts must eventually overtake the swollen expenditure. If only all railway directors realised that it is by considering the convenience and comfort of the public that they can most surely increase the receipts of the Companies, that happy time would be appreciably nearer.

NET YIELD OF HOME RAILWAY STOCKS. ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

| Company. | Dividends 1897-8. | Price 21 Sept. | Yield p.c. £ s. d. |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Great Northern "A" | $2\frac{1}{8}$ | 53 | 4 0 2 |
| Brighton Deferred | 7 | 176 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 19 5 |
| Midland Deferred | $3\frac{3}{8}$ | 86 | 3 18 5 |
| Great Northern Deferred .. | $2\frac{1}{2}$ | 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 15 6 |
| North Eastern | $6\frac{3}{8}$ | 176 | 3 12 5 |
| South Eastern Deferred .. | $3\frac{7}{8}$ | 107 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 12 1 |
| North Western | 7 | 198 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 10 6 |
| Lancashire and Yorkshire .. | $5\frac{1}{8}$ | 147 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 9 5 |
| Brighton Ordinary | $6\frac{3}{8}$ | 185 | 3 8 11 |
| Great Northern Preferred .. | 4 | 120 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 6 4 |
| South Western Deferred .. | 3 | 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 5 6 |
| Metropolitan | $3\frac{3}{8}$ | 125 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 2 19 9 |
| South Eastern Ordinary .. | $4\frac{1}{8}$ | 153 | 2 19 7 |
| Midland Preferred | $2\frac{3}{8}$ | 84 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 2 19 4 |
| South Western Ordinary .. | $6\frac{3}{8}$ | 226 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 2 18 6 |
| Great Eastern | $3\frac{3}{8}$ | 120 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 2 18 2 |
| Great Western | $4\frac{1}{8}$ | 166 | 2 17 2 |
| Great Central Preferred .. | $1\frac{1}{2}$ | 62 | 2 8 4 |

SCOTCH RAILWAYS.

| Company. | Dividends 1897-8. | Price 21 Sept. | Yield p.c. £ s. d. |
|------------------------------|----------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Great Northern | $3\frac{1}{4}$ | 88 | 3 13 10 |
| North British Preference .. | 3 | 90 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 6 3 |
| Caledonian | 5 | 152 | 3 5 9 |
| Glasgow & S. West. Def. .. | $2\frac{3}{8}$ | 83 | 3 3 3 |
| Glasgow & S. West. Pref. .. | $2\frac{3}{8}$ | 82 | 3 0 10 |
| North British Ordinary | 1 | 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 2 8 2 |
| Highland | $1\frac{1}{4}$ | 72 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 1 14 5 |

IRISH RAILWAYS.

| Company. | Dividends 1897-8. | Price 21 Sept. | Yield p.c. £ s. d. |
|----------------------------|----------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Belfast and Northern | 6 | 155 | 3 17 5 |
| Midland Great West | $4\frac{1}{2}$ | 111 | 3 16 6 |
| Belfast and Co. Down | $6\frac{1}{2}$ | 163 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 16 5 |
| Great South and West | $5\frac{1}{2}$ | 141 | 3 16 2 |
| Great Northern | $6\frac{1}{2}$ | 175 | 3 14 3 |

Americans have been in a state of flux all the week. Since the disappointment of the Milwaukee dividend, opinions have been divided as to the future of the market, and the bulls and bears have each in turn been in the ascendant. The bulls have for the moment had the best of the game and most descriptions show a slight improvement on last week's prices. Central Pacific have had the biggest rise, standing now at $24\frac{1}{2}$, as against $21\frac{1}{2}$ last week, whilst Wabash Preference have risen $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $22\frac{1}{2}$. The improvement is due mainly to the greater ease in the monetary position in New York, but also no doubt to the confirmation of the favourable reports as to the growing activity of trade throughout the States. The freight movements eastwards from Chicago are increasing at a very rapid rate and it is also reported that the traffics in the opposite direction are showing a similar improvement. Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk stocks remain very dull, though both companies offer better prospects than any American line at present prices. There may be a temporary spurt of prosperity in the States, but the free silver bogey may at any moment make its reappearance, and it will be a long time before investors on this side will have complete confidence in American Railway securities, however much they may be in favour with speculators. The prosperity of Canada on the other hand is progressing steadily, and investors in its solid enterprises can rely upon a sure return.

COMPARISON OF PRICES OF AMERICAN RAILWAY STOCKS BEFORE THE WAR AND NOW.

| Railway. | Price 28 January. | Price 21 Sept. | Difference. |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| Atchison and Topeka | 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 0 |
| Central Pacific | 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ | + 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Chicago and Milwaukee .. | 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 112 $\frac{1}{2}$ | + 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Denver Preferred | 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ | + 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Illinois Central | 109 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 115 $\frac{1}{2}$ | + 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Louisville | 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ | - |
| New York Central | 112 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 120 $\frac{1}{2}$ | + 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| North Pacific Preference .. | 68 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 79 $\frac{1}{2}$ | + 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Pennsylvania | 60 | 60 $\frac{1}{2}$ | + $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Wabash Preference | 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ | + 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ |

Industrials have been completely stagnant, and had it not been for the Lipton dividend, which was announced on Wednesday, this market would have had nothing with which to occupy its mind. And even the Lipton dividend aroused but a languid interest. The pessimists had thought that it might be 8 per cent. The optimists had conjured up rosy visions of 12 per cent. Sir Thomas Lipton and his colleagues chose the middle path, and declared an interim dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares. The announcement had little or no effect upon the market quotation, although it is not a very magnificent showing for shares which were issued at a premium of 5s. and are now quoted at nearly £2 10s. In an ordinary company such a declaration, after such magnificent promises, would have caused a "slump," but it is evident that some one or other looks very carefully after the market in these shares, and effectively counteracts the efforts of the bear party to bring down the price to a more reasonable level. On the basis of the interim dividend the net yield is only just over 4 per cent., which is not much for an industrial investment. The dividend represents a distribution, including the Debenture and Preference interest, of £85,000, and as the profit of the last year of trading before the formation of the Company was £177,000, it will not have needed a large increase in the business to pay the dividend. Of course, it is impossible on the basis of an interim dividend to estimate the actual profits of the business. These are undoubtedly large, but that they can be maintained at, or increased beyond, their present amount for any considerable time is scarcely probable. Sir Thomas Lipton has not been very fortunate of late. His great scheme of cheap meals for the working man has roused bitter opposition; his attempts to be himself alone the commissariat of the manœuvring army seems to have been a complete failure, and his only chance now is to bring back the America Cup to this side of the Atlantic. Should he fail to do this the "bears" will indeed have their chance.

NET YIELD OF INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

| Company. | Dividend 1897. Per cent. | Price 21 Sept. | Yield per cent. |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| Bovril Deferred..... | 5 | 8 | 8 0 0 |
| Do. Ordinary..... | 7 | 18 | 7 9 4 |
| Mazawattee Tea..... | 8 | 18 | 5 16 4 |
| Linotype Deferred (£5)..... | 9 | 7 | 5 16 1 |
| Holborn & Frascati..... | 10 ⁽¹⁾ | 1 | 5 14 3 |
| D. H. Evans & Co..... | 12 | 2 | 5 6 8 |
| Linotype Ordinary (£5)..... | 6 | 5 | 5 4 4 |
| Spiers & Pond (£10)..... | 10 | 19 | 5 2 6 |
| National Telephone (£5)..... | 6 | 5 | 5 1 3 |
| Salmon & Gluckstein..... | 8 | 1 | 4 18 5 |
| Bryant & May (£5)..... | 17½ | 18 | 4 17 2 |
| Eley Brothers (£10)..... | 17½ | 37 | 4 14 7 |
| Harrod's Stores..... | 20 | 4 | 4 14 1 |
| Jay's..... | 7½ | 1 | 4 12 3 |
| Swan & Edgar..... | 5 | 1 | 4 8 10 |
| Savoy Hotel (£10)..... | 7½ | 17 | 4 8 2 |
| Jones & Higgins..... | 9½ | 2 | 4 4 5 |
| J. & P. Coats (£10)..... | 20 | 63½ | 3 2 11 |

⁽¹⁾ Including bonus of 2 per cent.

The Kaffir Market, to judge by the despondent remarks one hears, has had a bad week, but when the actual facts are considered, the position of affairs in this department really offers no grounds for lamentation. It is true that the upward movement, which began some three weeks ago, has received a check, but this can scarcely be considered a misfortune. The pace was in fact too fast and furious, and it was well that the brake should be applied. Although prices all round are slightly lower, the declines in no case exceed the turn. This in itself is sufficient proof that the recent improvement in prices was justified. During the long period of stagnation, the steady progress of the producing mines had passed almost unnoticed, and the large reductions in working costs and improvements in the methods of gold-extraction were not reflected in the prices of Kaffir shares. But these influences are still at work, and as soon as the present uneasiness with regard to politics disappears, there is little doubt that there will be a renewal of activity in this department. The proposal of the Raad to impose a tax of 2½ per cent. on the gold produced from mynpachts has caused a much greater commotion than was at all justifiable. In the first place, the proposal in itself is reasonable enough, for mynpachts pay a tax of only 10s. a year per morgen, an area half as large again as a claim, whereas claims, held under diggers' licences, pay 10s. each per month. In the second place, the new tax will affect only a few of the richer mines, and these only to a trifling extent. In the third place, it is not certain that the tax will ever be collected at all. And finally, it will in practice not be possible to collect it, for most mynpachts are worked along with claims, and it will surpass the wit of the cleverest inspector of mines to say what part of the gold produced comes from the mynpachts, and what part from the claims. These are surely reasons enough why the Kaffir market should laugh at the Raad's latest attempt to raise a little money.

We referred a few weeks ago to the approaching amalgamation of the Roodepoort United Main Reef and Roodeport Deep Companies. The details of the amalgamation have now been settled on the lines which we then indicated as probable. Circulars have been sent out to the shareholders of both Companies stating that the directors have entered into a provisional agreement for the purchase of the undertaking of the Roodepoort Deep by the United Roodepoort Company in return for 100,000 of the latter Company's shares. The United Roodepoort will, for this purpose, increase its capital from £150,000 to £250,000 by the creation of 100,000 new shares. By the amalgamation it will acquire a block of fifty claims, forming the immediate deep-level of the central portion of its property. This block, in fact, lies between the United Roodepoort mine and the Durban Roodepoort Deep, which started crushing a few months ago. In addition, the Company acquires ninety other deep-level claims, certain water rights, a fully equipped forty-stamp battery and plant, and cash to the amount of £32,000. The Roodepoort Deep, on

the other hand, will by the amalgamation avoid the necessity of providing new capital to the amount of £70,000 for the sinking of a new shaft and other expenditure necessary before it could possibly enter upon the producing stage, and the shareholders of the Company will receive dividends as from next year, instead of having to wait for at least two or three years. The United Roodepoort will on 31 December declare a dividend of 25 per cent. on its present capital of £150,000 making the total for the year the usual rate of 50 per cent., and from that time forward dividends will be paid on the full £250,000 of capital of the combined properties. Each shareholder in the Roodepoort Deep will receive two Roodepoort United for every three Roodepoort Deep shares.

There is no doubt that the amalgamation will benefit very considerably the shareholders of both companies, and the scheme is another illustration of the energy and ability with which Mr. George Albu is developing the properties with which he is connected in South Africa. After the amalgamation the Roodepoort United will own 200 claims, and will have at work a mill of 110 stamps, since the 140 stamp mill of the Roodepoort Deep will at once be set to work on ore from the United Roodepoort mine. Moreover, considerable improvements in working will also be effected which will largely increase the mill capacity and will enable some 30 per cent. of the ore to be sorted out. This latter improvement is of great importance, since the reef on the Roodepoort properties, though rich, is very thin. With more thorough sorting the ore will probably be graded up to 50s. a ton, and profits of 25s. and even perhaps 30s. a ton obtained. A majority of the shareholders of the Roodepoort Deep have given their assent to the amalgamation scheme, and a meeting of the Company will be held in Johannesburg on 1 November next to confirm the provisional agreement entered into by the directors.

ESTIMATED NET YIELD OF TRANSVAAL MINES. OUTCROPS.

| Company. | Estimated Dividends. | Price, 21 Sept. | Life of Mine. | Pro- bable Net Yield. |
|----------------------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------|------------------|--------------------------------|
| | Per Cent. | | Years. | Per Cent. |
| Pioneer ⁽¹⁾ | 75 | 11 | 1 | 75 |
| Rietfontein A..... | 35 | 2 | 30 | 15½ |
| Van Ryn..... | 40 | 1½ | 12 | 13½ |
| Henry Nourse ⁽²⁾ | 150 | 9½ | 12 | 12 |
| Comet..... | 50 | 3½ | 18 | 11 |
| Ferreira..... | 350 | 24½ | 17 | 9½ |
| Glencairn..... | 35 | 2½ | 11 | 9 |
| Roodepoort United ... | 50 | 4½ | 15 | 7 |
| Jumpers ⁽³⁾ | 80 | 5½ | 8 | 7 |
| City and Suburban ⁽⁴⁾ | 15 | 6½ | 17 | 7 |
| Robinson ⁽⁵⁾ | 20 | 8½ | 16 | 6 |
| Treasury ⁽⁶⁾ | 12½ | 4½ | 13 | 6 |
| Meyer and Charlton ... | 70 | 4½ | 10 | 6 |
| Heriot..... | 100 | 7½ | 12 | 6 |
| Crown Reef ⁽⁶⁾ | 200 | 14½ | 8 | 6 |
| Wolhuter ⁽¹⁾ | 10 | 6 | 40 | 6 |
| Ginsberg..... | 50 | 3 | 8 | 5 |
| Wemmer..... | 150 | 10½ | 10 | 5 |
| Geldenhuis Main Reef | 10 | 1½ | 6 | 4½ |
| Primrose..... | 60 | 4½ | 10 | 4 |
| Princess..... | 15 | 1½ | 20(?) | 4 |
| Durban Roodepoort ... | 80 | 5½ | 9 | 4 |
| Langlaagte Estate ... | 30 | 3½ | 15 | 4 |
| Angelo..... | 75 | 6½ | 8(?) | 1 |
| May Consolidated..... | 35 | 3½ | 9 | 1 |
| Geldenhuis Estate..... | 100 | 7½ | 7 | 0 |
| Jubilee ⁽⁸⁾ | 75 | 11 | 8 | 0 |
| Worcester..... | 60 | 3½ | 4 | 0 |

⁽¹⁾ Owns 37 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £10 10s. per share. ⁽²⁾ 42 deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 per share. ⁽³⁾ 52 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £1 per share. ⁽⁴⁾ £5 shares. ⁽⁵⁾ £4 shares. ⁽⁶⁾ 51½ deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 10s. per share, and 47 water-right claims. ⁽⁷⁾ Poorer North Reef Ore not taken into account. ⁽⁸⁾ 18 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £4 per share.

DEEP LEVELS.

| Company. | Estimated Dividends. | Price, at Sept. | Life of Mine. | Probable Net Yield. |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|-----------------|---------------|---------------------|
| | Per Cent. | | Years. | Per Cent. |
| *Robinson Deep..... | 200 | 9½ | 20 | 16½ |
| *Durban Deep (¹)..... | 50 | 4½ | 15 | 11 |
| *Nourse Deep..... | 60 | 6 | 43 | 10 |
| *Crown Deep..... | 200 | 14½ | 16 | 9 |
| *Rose Deep..... | 105 | 8½ | 15 | 8 |
| *Jumpers Deep..... | 40 | 5½ | 36 | 6½ |
| *Village Main Reef (²)..... | 75 | 7½ | 13 | 5 |
| *Bonanza..... | 108(³) | 4½ | 5 | 5 |
| *Geldenhuis Deep..... | 70(³) | 9½ | 23 | 4 |
| *Glen Deep..... | 18 | 3½ | 25 | 3 |
| *Simmer and Jack..... | 4½(³) | 4½ | 30 | 2 |
| Langlaagte Deep..... | 21 | 2½ | 15 | 2 |

The mines marked thus * are already at work.

(¹) Owns 24,000 Roodepoort Central Deep shares, value £36,000, and will probably sell sixty or seventy claims at a price equivalent to £1 per share. (²) Owns 25,000 Wemmer shares, value equivalent to £1 per share. (³) Calculated on actual profits of working. (¹) £5 shares.

Westralians have in some degree awakened from their lethargy, and there has been a good deal of buying of the higher priced shares, like Lake Views, Ivanhoes, Kalgurlies, Golden Horseshoes, and Associates. The public seems to have realised at last, however, that the majority of Westralian mines are utter rubbish, and leaves them severely alone. Investors in this market should note carefully the words of the "Economist's" special correspondent in Western Australia, whose admirable articles have thrown a good deal of light on the present condition of the mining industry in the colony. There have been some 500 Westralian gold-mining flotations. "Of these," says the "Economist's" correspondent, "450 may be said to have been already and irrevocably proved to be worthless." Of the remaining 50 some thirty or forty he describes as not proved worthless but doubtful concerns, leaving only ten good mines. These, however, will easily rank with the ten best mines of any other country. "It is no good," he continues, "to speak ambiguously where West Australian mining is concerned. There has been from its inception, and there still is, so much rascality, lying and swindling connected with it, that the public may well doubt of the existence of even ten good mines."

For the Marquess of Dufferin's speech as chairman to the shareholders of the London and Globe Finance Corporation on Tuesday it is impossible to have anything but praise. It was straightforward, simple and sincere, and every shareholder who heard it must have gone away convinced that though the chairman does not figure in the balance-sheet, he is to be ranked as amongst not the least valuable assets of the Corporation. His description of the manifold and enormous undertakings of the Corporation was admirably conceived, and it was perfectly clear that he possesses complete confidence in its future prospects, whilst his testimony to the ability and integrity of Mr. Whitaker Wright was as handsome as could be. Mr. Whitaker Wright himself has good reason to be proud that London and Globes are worth £1½, when the shares of not dissimilar undertakings can be bought for half-a-crown. The first year's working of the Corporation since its amalgamation last year with the West Australian Mining and Finance Company has resulted in the enormous profit of £989,000, out of which £500,000 has been placed to reserve and a total dividend of 15 per cent. for the year is to be paid. This is sound policy, and is calculated to inspire the market with a confidence in the future of the undertaking which has hitherto been perhaps somewhat lacking. It is certainly much better, as Mr. Whitaker Wright explained, with a sly hit at his old rival, Mr. Bottomley, to receive only 3s. per share than to have to pay an assessment of 5s. per share. We fear it will be some time before Mr. Bottomley is able to present a report like that of the

London and Globe Corporation, which will be found on another page.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. L. (Surrey).—1. Jumpers, Treasury, New Heriot and Durban Roodepoort all give a gross yield of 10½ per cent. and upwards at their present prices, no allowance being made for amortisation. They are all sound, well-managed undertakings. 2. The Robinson Deep commenced crushing last April, and there is no doubt that it will be in a position to pay a dividend after a year's working, since it is quite free from debt, and the whole of the profits are therefore available for distribution amongst the shareholders. Whether a dividend will be declared then or later depends, of course, on the discretion of the directors. At the annual meeting held on 14 June last the chairman said they would in all probability enter upon the dividend-paying stage some time before the next annual meeting. No monthly statement of the profits is yet forthcoming, but since the mill commenced running 31,000 tons of ore have been crushed, yielding 21,000 ozs. of gold. With working costs at 25s. per ton this would represent a profit of more than £34,000. Sixty stamps ran in August, and the other 60 stamps are ready to be dropped as soon as a sufficient supply of native labour is obtainable. With 120 stamps, working costs should not be more than 23s. a ton, and the monthly profits should average £30,000. By next June, therefore, a dividend of 75 per cent. at least will have been earned. We are still of opinion that Robinson Deep's at their present price are the cheapest of the deep levels.

W. A. H. (Rochdale).—Sell your Grand Trunks. We do not know anything of the credentials of the other company you mention, but we have seen the prospectus and do not consider it a satisfactory undertaking. There is no harm in holding the shares so long as you draw the monthly dividends, but do not be inveigled into buying higher-priced shares emanating from the same quarter.

DALY (Edmonton).—1. Take your profit. 2. No; the Company will probably have to be reconstructed very shortly. 3. The percentage is very high, but the risk is equally great.

C. A. L. (York).—The shares are absurdly overvalued.

KNOT (Chester).—We believe that one day the undertaking will be a success, but it is only those who have faith who can be advised to hold on to the shares.

B. D. (Stowmarket).—The highest dividend paid was 20 per cent. in 1896 and 1897.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN INDIGNANT CATHOLIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Manchester, 15 September, 1898.

SIR,—Your correspondent, F. A. Alcock, in your issue of the 10th inst., writes as follows:—

"In the Catholic Church the shepherd leads the sheep. . . . From the time of St. Peter down to that of Leo XIII. the Popes have been 'the Shepherds.' . . . They are in turn 'the unit' that Catholics are governed by. St. Cyprian, in the year 258 A.D., writes that 'The Pope is the only fount of spiritual jurisdiction.'"

The following "Shepherds" (I could name fifty others) were—F. A. Alcock will agree with me here—pre-eminently qualified to lead the "sheep":—

Alexander VI., being requested by a dying friend to become the guardian of his two young daughters, imprisoned the elder in a convent, and made the other his mistress.

Benedict IX. sold the Papacy for the sum of £1500.

Boniface VII. stole the treasures from St. Peter's, Rome, and fled to Constantinople.

Gregory VII. administered poison to no less than eight cardinals and bishops.

John VIII. (Joan) was the only female pontiff who occupied the papal chair.

John XIII. made it a practice to violate all female pilgrims visiting the tomb of St. Peter.

Julius III. was accustomed to reason in contempt of the Deity.

Leo X., an atheist, said "It is well known to the world through all ages how greatly the fable of Christ hath profited the Popes."

Paul III. poisoned his mother, his two sisters and his niece.

Sextus IV. built and endowed a brothel in Rome.

It would be interesting to know whether St. Cyprian, whom your correspondent quotes so glibly, had he lived a few centuries later, would still have written, "The Pope is the only fount of spiritual jurisdiction"?—Yours faithfully,

JOHN F. L. SANDBACH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I find generally when engaging in controversy with Roman Catholics that I must not expect to be treated as a gentleman, or even regarded as honest. F. A. Alcock, in the course of his letter, accuses me of pretence and deceit. When I cease to treat your correspondent as a gentleman I shall condescend to his level; until that time I have the advantage of him. It would, however, appear to be futile to engage in a discussion on any subject under such conditions. I am quite prepared to acquit F. A. Alcock of any intentional misrepresentation on any point, and I claim from him similar treatment. The letter in your present issue, to which I will attempt a reply, seems to be full of logical fallacies and contradictions. As to image worship, your correspondent says, "It is not what individuals say or write, it is what the Church teaches in her catechism." Yet much reliance is placed in the utterance of Jerome, twice quoted *without any reference*. On the same principle, why should I care what "John Cassian" or "Father Bampfield" said: as a matter of fact, I don't in the least. But I was not aware that the authoritative teaching of the "Church" was to be found in "her catechism." What catechism? I always thought such was to be found, as Pius IV.'s creed says, in her "sacred canons and general councils, and particularly the Council of Trent" (Clause 11). I took the catechisms to be simply the laws of the "Church," according to the view of their composers. What else are they than what "individuals say and write"? There are hundreds of catechisms. Thomas Aquinas is a canonised saint of the Roman Church. On 7 March, his festival, devout Roman Catholics "beseech God that they may embrace with their understanding what he taught," and he is declared to be "the light of the Church." Further, his utterances, of which I gave a sample in my last, have not been interfered with or expunged by the Expurgatory Index, while various statements on the subject made by Augustine (fifth century), contemporary of Jerome, have been so treated. The following are some of them: "God only is to be adored"; "It is wicked to place images of God in churches"; "There is no use of images." "The invention of images has brought with it many evils." "Scripture condemns images." "The worship of images is pestilential." Augustine and Jerome have been spoken of as "the two great lights of the Latin Church" (Campbell's "Eccles. Hist.," 15th Lecture). They were both engaged in opposing the introduction of idolatry into the Latin Church, which by the way was purer then than now. But why should not the view of Aquinas be as authoritative as a publication of the "Catholic Truth Society"? If antiquity be the test he wins easily, if conformity to the "Church's" teaching, then the foregoing facts should settle the question in his favour. F. A. Alcock's repudiation of Aquinas is not justified. He set forth the teaching of the Roman Church in his time, Jerome in his. The fact only goes to show how much that "Church" has altered; the one had to deal with the Council of Trent, the other had not. It was the ambiguous language of this Council which caused such teaching as that of Aquinas. My contention is that a catechism is of no more authority if as much as the writings of this man, whose views were shared by such men as Soto, Turrian, Naclautus, Alexander, Cajetan, Bonaventura, Marsilius, Almayne, Carthusian, Capisucchi and others, and whose writings have been officially endorsed by the highest authorities in the Roman Church. On the main question I did not charge my opponent with "accusing God of inconsistency." I simply said that if his position were adopted it involved that. I observe no answer is offered to my challenge "to show a command for the making of images by the people for their veneration." Your correspondent sees a difficulty in the second commandment as to *making* images, because God had on other occasions given an apparently conflicting command. He therefore concludes that God did not mean what He plainly said. I cannot accept this: I leave the words to mean what they say and seek the solution of the difficulty in the difference between the things to be made and those not to be. The Cherubim were *ordered* to be made, to be placed over the Ark,

in the Holy of Holies where only the high priest entered once a year (Heb. ix. 7). They were typical of the *attributes* of God, and were not objects of worship; from between them God, in the miraculous Shekinah light, spake. When Joshua fell down before the Ark, he did so because it was God's appointed place of residence. That settles the question in my mind as to any charge of image worship in connexion with it. God ordered the brazen serpent to be made as an object lesson and a type of Christ; when it was regarded as an object of worship God was utterly displeased, and it was afterwards destroyed by Hezekiah. The notable instance when the *people* made to *themselves* the golden calf, and the result of that action, is a striking commentary on the meaning of the second commandment. Of course the commandment is directed against idolatry and false worship, and the making of images is inseparably connected with their use, hence the wording in the text, which assumes the making and the object of the making as one thing. As to the things in ordinary daily use and having no religious significance, the reference is quite beside the mark. What has the quotation from Paley to do with the question? He is merely dealing with the method of *dividing* the decalogue. The accusation I made was the *omission* of the second commandment, and the division of the tenth into two parts to make up the right number. I have before me a list of a dozen catechisms which entirely omit the second commandment, and there are many others. I remain from quoting in consideration of your space. I believe the very catechism mentioned by my opponent has this omission. This fact is too significant to be overlooked. It remains that the Church of Rome cannot clear herself of the charge of idolatry. As to the passage in 2 Peter i. 19, 21, I conclude that nothing less than invincible ignorance of the Scripture could have drawn such an utterance from your correspondent. Peter says (Douay), "And we have the more firm *prophetical* word, *whereunto you do well to attend*." Where is the "prophetical word" if not in the Old Testament? To whom did Christ refer when He spoke of "the law and the *prophets*," if not to Old Testament prophets? And do not the words quoted above, as immediately following, amount to a commendation of the study of that word? The note in the Douay version recognises the reference to the Old Testament Scriptures, and contains the following words: "Because every part of the Holy Scriptures *was* written by men inspired by the Holy Ghost." The theory about private judgment is simply an inference incorrectly drawn from the text. I should think F. A. Alcock had better withdraw his remark about heretics. As to Father Bampfield's difficulties I should advise him and F. A. Alcock to ask God for His Holy Spirit and their difficulties would disappear (Luke xi. 13; 1 Cor. ii. 9-16).

Apologising for the length of this communication, and thanking you in anticipation,—I am, faithfully yours,
C. L. CLARKE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am afraid I have not time at my disposal to reply to all the points raised in Mr. F. A. Alcock's exhaustive letter in defence of his creed, which appeared in last week's "Review." But with your permission I would like to make a few comments on the more important of these. First of all there are the questions and answers from the "Catechism of Christian Doctrine," the first of which is as follows:—

(*Question 181.*) Does the first commandment forbid the making of images?

(*Answer.*) The first commandment does not forbid the making of images, but the making of idols; that is, it forbids us to make images to be adored or honoured as gods.

I fully agree with the first portion of the construction of the commandment; in fact, I agree with all of it. But the question arises in my mind as to how far the doctrine is carried out in the Roman Catholic Church. Are there no images in this Church which are duly adored and honoured as gods? My mind drifts back to the time when I visited Brompton Oratory. I was very young at the time, but I remember well how greatly I was impressed by the evident piety of all in

the church. I took it that they were all kneeling in sacred prayer to Almighty God. But what a mistake I made! They were all kneeling in front of the various images; there was a look of reverence in their face, they burnt their candle to, and they murmured to—the *Holy Mary*? They went down upon their knees before the dumb image of Peter and the keys, and if not quite a similar performance was gone through, it had every bit the same meaning, as they were down before their *idols*, the worship of which they admit is forbidden. In answer to Question 187, “Do we pray to images?” they say, “We do not pray to relics or images.” Now, what is one to make out from the scene in Brompton Oratory?

Another thing I would like to point-out is that in the Catholic prayer-book there are many appeals to the Holy Mother and the Saints. Why these appeals? Has Christ not told us “I am the way, the truth, and the life.” The fact of the matter is that Catholics acknowledge Christ’s real power as little as possible; they endeavour to ignore His commands, His teachings, and His precepts; if they based their religion on the Gospel of Christ, they would soon be *non est* as the Roman Catholic Church. I refuse to acknowledge the Catholic authorities that Mr. Alcock puts forth, as I am thoroughly convinced that these “authorities” wrote to uphold the doctrines of the Popes, and not the doctrines of Christ.

Our valued correspondent next touches upon the construction to be placed upon the Scriptures, and gives Father Bampfield’s opinion. Why does not Mr. Alcock give us his own opinion? I think I know the reason why—because he has none. In the course of this discussion he has scarcely once expressed an original opinion; he has put forth the doctrine that has been crammed down his throat (figuratively) from his early days. Whoever knew a Catholic read his Bible in search of truth? I only remember a few instances, and one was Martin Luther. Mr. Alcock knows the result of this man’s searchings, as does also his Church and the world at large. Mr. Alcock says “the Scriptures, then, can be used to our destruction, and who was I that I should think myself learned or stable?” Who was I? Mr. Alcock, I am shocked at your self-humiliation, but as I do not know you I will not discuss the point as to your being “learned and stable.” But this I do know, that I (“An Old Reader”) was meant by God to be as “learned and stable” on matters relative to my own soul’s welfare as any of the Popes, Fathers, or Priests of the Roman Catholic Church. It has been my lot to know some of the last two classes, and to have read of more, but not one have I yet met or read of to whom I would trust my soul’s future welfare. And, as regards the present Pope, Leo XIII., I admit all his good qualities, all his great learning, all his grand writings, &c.; but this I do not admit, that he knows anything of my soul’s needs, nor that his doctrines can give me more light than the book that existed long before the first Pope, and that was written by scribes inspired by God himself—John, James, Luke, Matthew, Paul, Peter and the other apostles and Old Testament writers. Mr. Alcock, I expect you have brains, and understanding to use them in search of truth. Read your Bible, not your authorities.

I must conclude abruptly, but hope that Mr. Alcock will oblige with an early answer to the following queries:—

1. Has the character and actions of the popes always justified the assumption that they are really the appointed vicars of Christ?
2. Does the Catholic Church allow its members to assemble “in class,” and discuss and criticise the doctrines and teachings of the Bible?
3. Why will the majority of Catholics not listen to Protestant discourses, and attend Protestant churches?
4. Is the history of the Catholic Church not a black one?
5. Was the Papacy justified in her extortions from England in 1229? Was the Pope here attending to the duties of the “vicarage” of Christ in a Christ-like manner?
6. How is it a man may be a publican, drunkard, gambler, swearer, &c., and still be a recognised Catholic? Some I know in the village in which I live

whose lives are known to be of the most degraded character, yet still they are acknowledged Catholics. Is this consistency?—Yours truly,

AN OLD READER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 September, 1898.

SIR,—Your correspondent “A Believer,” &c., does not give the names of the “two little ignorant shepherds” to whom the Blessed Virgin is said to have appeared at Lourdes. His knowledge of the subject is evidently so intimate that he can have no difficulty in supplying this omission, and perhaps he will at the same time say on whose authority he styles the Virgin Mary a “goddess.”—Yours obediently,

ONE WHO WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Is the correspondence now raging in your valuable paper under the heading “An Indignant Catholic” typical of the love Christians bear one another, and which is surely the basis of their religion?—Yours faithfully,

A JEW.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 Chapel Street, W.C.

20 September, 1898.

SIR,—With reference to my letter which appeared in your last issue I would like to point out that the words should appear that “by Catholics I mean those who acknowledge Christ as their Head and the Pope of Rome as His Vicar,” and you will observe that I quoted words of a similar nature to this in my last letter. I would also like to add to this, that by Catholics I also mean those who believe in the *defined* teachings of the Church of Rome, and which teachings, &c., if believed in by Christians, I consider them to be Catholics. There is no such person as an English Catholic or a Greek Catholic independent from those who have such belief, &c., as already stated.—Yours obediently,

A MEMBER OF THE OLD ANGLICAN CHURCH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 September.

SIR,—I have been unable to find the quotation from St. Cyprian given by Mr. Alcock in a letter in last week’s “Review.” I doubt, also, whether St. Augustine anywhere says “the See of St. Peter is the Rock against which the broad gates of Hell prevail not.” I find, however, that Cyprian, A.D. 254 (Ep. 67), pronounces the Verdict of Stephanos, Bishop of Rome at that date, in the matter of “the Lapsed” to be mistaken; and as president of a council of thirty-seven Bishops of the province of Carthage, Cyprian says it is to be *dismissed*. Also, after St. Augustine became Bishop he always interpreted our Lord’s expression “on this Rock” precisely as the Church of England does, and says St. Peter was *not the Rock*. In Augustine’s own words, “it was not a *Petro petra*, but *Petrus a petra*”; and upon this Rock on which St. Peter’s confession was made, Christ said “I will build my Church.”—Yours faithfully,

T. P. H.

“WAGNER ON RICHMOND HILL.”

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 20 September, 1898.

SIR,—Just returned from my holidays abroad, my attention has been called to a correspondence in your paper under the above heading, and as the discussion has been partly referring to me personally, I trust you will kindly allow me a few words in reply. I am much obliged to Mr. G. Bernard Shaw for the lance which he has broken in my favour during my absence, but I should like to point out that the question of Nationality need not enter into the discussion at all. I am, of course, a German by birth, and shall not be able to alter my blood, nor have I any desire to do so; yet I have passed the greater part of my life in England (over twenty years), and I am a naturalised British subject. To all practical intents and purposes, therefore, I belong to England, where my efforts, to the best of my powers, in the interest of music have met

with the kindest appreciation. I may consequently fairly claim to be placed on the same plane as any other Englishman. As regards the "German Bands-men," that have been referred to, I suppose that the orchestra of the proposed Wagner Theatre, should it attain reality, would be composed in the same manner as that which takes part in my Queen's Hall Concerts, and which consists entirely of musicians who are resident in England—in fact, the pick of the profession; and their remuneration has always been on the "highest English scale," fixed by the London Orchestral Association.

The further letter signed "A. D." does not seem to call for any special reply.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
ALFRED SCHULZ-CURTIS.

MR. JUSTICE PHILLIMORE AND DIVORCE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—You pertinently ask, "How does Mr. Justice Phillimore know that these divorced people are unhappy?" Permit me to supplement this query by asking how his Lordship *knows* that these persons in question wish to enter into "fresh engagements"? and at the risk of a slight digression, I would venture to assert that if divorces could be more readily obtained by the working classes, judges would have fewer cases of manslaughter and murder to try.

S. E. H.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 September, 1898.

SIR,—Neither in your criticism of Mr. Justice Phillimore's egotistic utterances when making absolute decrees nisi for divorce, nor in others that have appeared, do I find any allusion to the circumstance that the learned judge's father—the late Sir Robert J. Phillimore—was for several years more or less occupied, as one of his judicial duties, in hearing and deciding divorce cases. Even if to the son the purely formal duty cast upon him called for animadversion, one would think a "Christian man" would give pause before indulging in the logical reproach thereby implied against his parent.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
FACT.

"DID THE CAT PUT DOWN GAROTTING?"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

53 Chancery Lane, W.C.

SIR,—The writer of the letter in your last issue, who says he has "always understood that flogging is not at all popular with any individual of the criminal classes," is evidently not aware that a judge can only order floggings to be administered under the Garotters Act of 1863; and that, therefore, there is no "additional test" which I could have quoted of the efficiency or non-efficiency of this punishment. Had there been such a test as that suggested I should certainly have submitted it.

In reply to the question—Is it a fact that a man who has been flogged very seldom comes up for a second dose? I would point out that flogging is always discretionary with the judge. The judges who are in the habit of flogging all prisoners where the law permits the infliction form a decided minority. Hence a man may be convicted six times for a similar offence and receive only one flogging. Some men have been flogged again and again; their record of previous crimes and flogging sentenced have been brought up against them and reported in the papers. Mr. Charles H. Hopwood, Q.C., the Recorder of Liverpool, says in his "Plea for Mercy to Offenders," "The poor wretches who undergo this punishment are not improved, are not deterred. I frequently have men before me for other offences committed shortly after undergoing the correction."

Here is a striking instance of the inefficiency of savage punishment. For eleven years the punishment of flogging added to various terms of imprisonment has been inflicted in Liverpool to an extent unapproached elsewhere, and during that period the visiting justice was Sir John Day (excepting in the years 1885, 1889, 1890 and 1892), who ordered the infliction of no less than 1961 lashes; Liverpool, therefore, will furnish the best test of the system. Judge Day began his flogging sentences in 1883 with fifty-nine cases of robbery with

violence, continuing to inflict these sentences up to 1893, in which year he had before him seventy-nine cases. In other words, at the close of eleven years, robbery with violence prevails in Liverpool to an extent unknown in any other part of the country. Conclusive evidence of a similar character is to be found in the records of the Central Criminal Court. The cases before the Recorder each session had increased from averages of seven to ten, and seventeen to eighteen, the last session showing the latter number.

As to the birching of juvenile offenders, it is not true as asserted by your correspondent that "boys who have been birched never willingly seek a second acquaintance of that interesting instrument." Mr. Rogers, the chaplain of Pentonville Prison, says that the juvenile prisoners who have been whipped are those who most frequently return to prison. As in education Mr. Herbert Spencer teaches that severity never answers, so in penal methods fear is appealed to with the worst results.

In conclusion, may I say a word on the charge so often brought against the opponents of flogging, to wit, that they have more pity for the criminal than for his victim. The objection to flogging is not from mere pity for the criminal. Some of us may regret that some offenders do not get a severe thrashing in hot blood; but the judicial flogging is a different thing, and injures the interests of the community far more than it prevents crime. Moreover, it is sympathy with the crime, not sympathy with the criminal, which is to be dreaded.—Yours faithfully,
JOSEPH COLLINSON.

MR. WILLIAM GRAHAM AND HIS NEW BOOK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 September, 1898.

SIR,—A slight mistake has appeared in the press respecting the publication of a forthcoming book of mine, and I trust that you will allow me to rectify it, as the then editor of the journal wherein the articles (the expansion of which form the book) appeared is now the Editor of the "Saturday Review." It is neither correct that I am bringing out a book entitled "Side Lights on the Second Empire," nor is the statement correct that Mr. Smithers, of the Royal Arcade, has entered into an agreement with me for the publication thereof. I have not so far decided upon the name of the book, though above was the heading under which the articles appeared while the "Fortnightly" was so brilliantly directed by Mr. Frank Harris. What alone is true is that Mr. Smithers is bringing out a work by me containing an expansion of the "Clairmont and Keats and Severn articles" I wrote for the "Nineteenth Century," the "New Review," and the now moribund organ founded by myself and entitled "The Twentieth Century."—I am, yours faithfully,
WILLIAM GRAHAM.

MAGISTRATES AND THE VACCINATION ACT.

6 September, 1898.

SIR,—The pertinent and stringent comments *re* the above in your issue of the 27th ult. invite notice. We are told that "God, when he makes the prophet, does not unmake the man." Hence the Home Secretary, when he makes the magistrate, does not unmake the vaccination bigot. How can an objector expect to "satisfy" Magistrate Sheil, for instance, who this time last year declared in court that he would inflict the utmost fines upon a batch of recusants, before he had heard a single word in their defence? And Mr. Curtis Bennett has also been noted for his severity to them. That he did not know of the two Acts of 1849 and 1889 regulating his own duties and the procedure of his Court is suggestive. Manifestly, he is quite as ignorant of vaccination and its works. A few days ago a hostile Bench at Croydon (a Dr. Strong among them) actually induced an applicant to undergo a private inquisition as a preliminary to his public application! He was then charged two shillings for the certificate. So that the principle of the fine is retained, and the poorest can now enjoy freedom of conscience only by payment?—Yours, &c.,
J. H.

REVIEWS.

THE BISMARCK REVELATIONS.

"Bismarck: Some Secret Pages of his History." By Dr. Moritz Busch. London: Macmillan.

THE English translator of Dr. Busch's Diary has taken upon himself the responsibility of extensive expurgations. Some of the passages which might jar on our national susceptibilities have been omitted; and it is particularly obvious that much has been left out which would be personally distasteful to our Royal family. But this is by no means the only defect in the work which gave promise of so much revelation. The present generation is, after all, chiefly interested in Bismarck's personal relations with William II., and has been eagerly anticipating the publication of fresh facts likely to throw light on the causes which led to the final rupture between them. It is, however, above all in respect to the incidents of 1890 that Dr. Busch has observed an unusual reticence. Although the three volumes of the Diary are richly sprinkled with indiscretions, on this subject the author maintains disappointing reserve. Many of the allusions to the Kaiser are so blunt and uncomplimentary, that it could scarcely have done more harm, one would think, to have made a clean breast of the whole discreditable affair. However, Dr. Busch declares that there are international reasons against the publication of a particular document; and we must needs suppose them to be weighty if they have succeeded in putting a curb upon his outspoken pen.

As with Boswell, the biographer comes out second best in these memoirs. He attains, in fact, to a degree of snobbishness and sycophancy that almost beats the great lexicographer's fawning admirer out of the field. In describing his first interview with the Chancellor he says: "I saw him . . . as he sat in a military uniform at his writing-table with a bundle of documents before him. I was quite close to him this time, and felt as if I stood before the altar." Twenty years later we read of Bismarck intrusting Dr. Busch with the arrangement of his papers. "I thanked him for his great confidence in me, which was justified," wrote the latter in his diary, "for, as I had already said to him on one occasion in 1870, he was my Master and my Messiah." The following is another illustration of the worthy scribe's hero-worship. Bismarck remarked one day at table: "If it were only possible to give away the Orders of which one has too many! To you, for instance, Dr. Busch, how would you like it?" "No, thank you, Excellency," was the reply; "very many thanks; but, yes, if I could have one of those that you have worn yourself as a memento, that would be something different; otherwise I do not want any." Occasionally, however, the Doctor was scolded in no measured terms; but he bore all in perfect meekness. "There are a number of gross errors of fact, and confusions of jest and earnest in the expressions and incidents upon which you base your view of my supposed way of thinking. You assume that in everything that I have ever said in your presence for the entertainment of my guests at table, or in my own home, or in what you have gathered from the unreliable accounts of third persons, I have invariably given serious expression to my inmost feelings with the conscientiousness of a witness giving evidence on oath before a Court. In view of the pedantry with which you utilise scattered fragments of conversation, a man in my position would be obliged never to depart for a moment from a formal mode of expressing himself, or step down from his official stilts. Everything you say in particular respecting my attitude towards Christianity and the question of the Jews is not only monstrously indiscreet, but thoroughly false." The latter sentence provoked from the trodden worm a surprised "Everything?" in parenthesis.

Considering the notorious part played by Bismarck in bringing about the war in 1870, it is singular to find that Dr. Busch has little to say on this particular point. But he gives us the Chancellor's own version of the Ems dispatch, and the manner in which the King's telegram was edited. "I expected to find another telegram in Berlin answering mine, but it had not arrived. In the meantime I invited Moltke and Roon to

dine with me that evening, and to talk over the situation, which seemed to me to be growing more and more unsatisfactory. Whilst we were dining, another long telegram was brought in. As I read it to them—it must have been about 200 words—they were both actually terrified, and Moltke's whole being suddenly changed. He seemed to be quite old and infirm. It looked as if our Most Gracious might knuckle under after all. I asked him (Moltke) if, as things stood, we might hope to be victorious. On his replying in the affirmative I said, 'Wait a minute!' and seating myself at a small table I boiled down those 200 words to about twenty, but without otherwise altering or adding anything. It was Abeken's telegram, yet something different—shorter, more determined, less dubious. I then handed it over to them, and asked, 'Well, how does that do now?' 'Yes,' they said, 'it will do in that form.' And Moltke immediately became quite young and fresh again. He had got his war, his trade. And the thing really succeeded. The French were fearfully angry at the condensed telegram as it appeared in the newspapers, and a couple of days later they declared war against us." The story was related in December, when the Prussians were encamped outside Paris, before the bombardment of the city. Bismarck chafed at the delay, which he ascribed to the fact that before important steps were taken they always had to be discussed and approved by distinguished persons who knew nothing about the matter. The crowd of Princes who followed the army as mere onlookers especially incurred his anger. "I really could not talk to him properly," complained the Chancellor, one night, when he had been dining with the King. "The Serene Highnesses fluttered about me like crows round a screech-owl, and tore me away from him. Each of them seemed to delight in being able to buttonhole me longer than the others. . . . At last they heard that the leg or the back of the old coronation chair had been discovered in one of the other rooms, and they all trooped off to inspect the wonder, while I took this opportunity to bolt." Another day the Chief said with a laugh, "I have been busy to-day educating princes."

"How so, Excellency?" asked Hatzfeldt.

"Well, I have explained to various gentlemen at the Hôtel des Réservoirs what is and what is not proper. I have given the Meininger to understand through Stein that he is not to be allowed to use the 'Field Telegraph' for giving his instructions about his kitchen garden and theatre. And the 'Coburger' is still worse. Never mind, the Reichstag will set that right and put a stop to all that kind of thing. But only I shall not be there." The "Coburger" was one of Bismarck's special antipathies. When he remarked to the Chancellor at the close of the siege of Paris: "It would really be a satisfaction if the soldiers also got the Cross now," the latter retorted: "Yes, but it is less satisfactory that we two should have received it."

Bismarck's colossal frame required large portions, and it was one of his particular grievances that he did not get enough to eat at the Royal table. "We had cutlets there recently, and I could not take two, as there was only one apiece for us," he remarked purposely in the hearing of a Court official. "Rabbit followed, and I debated with myself whether I should take a second portion, although I could easily have managed four. At length hunger overcame my politeness, and I seized a second piece, though I am sure I was robbing somebody else." At another time, during the fruitless peace negotiations of September after Sedan, he said: "But, if I am to work well, I must have sufficient food. I cannot make a proper peace if I do not get enough to eat and drink. That's a necessity of my trade, and therefore I prefer to dine at home." How much of French humiliation may have been due to the poor Chancellor's empty stomach!

For Royalty Bismarck had the supremest contempt. "If there is no Divine commandment," he once exclaimed at dinner, "why should I subordinate myself to these Hohenzollerns? They are a Suabian family, no better than my own, and in that case no concern of mine." The opinions he expressed about his Royal pupils were decidedly plain-spoken. Of William I., about whose achievements the present Kaiser is never wearied of reminding his people, Bismarck remarked

one day to the Doctor: "Of course, I know I had a hard time of it with him at Versailles for whole weeks. I wished to retire, and there was nothing to be done with him. Even now (1878) I have often a great deal of trouble with him. One writes an important note or dispatch, revises it, rewrites it six or seven times, and then when he comes to see it he adds things that are entirely unsuitable—the very opposite of what one means and wishes to attain—and what is more, it is not even grammatical." Four years later he said: "I am sacrificing my health. . . . But I do not like to desert the Emperor, who will soon be eighty-seven, when he begs me with tears in his eyes to remain. Nor can I expect him to accustom himself to others." Bismarck's opinion of the Emperor Frederick at the time when he was Crown Prince was somewhat higher than the estimate he had formed of his august father. "He will be reasonable later on and allow his Ministers to govern more, and not put himself too much forward, and in general he will get rid of many bad habits that render old gentlemen of his trade sometimes rather troublesome. For the rest, he is unaffected and straightforward; but he does not care to work much, and is quite happy if he has plenty of money and amusement, and if the newspapers praise him." But of the famous diary which was published after the Emperor Frederick's death, Bismarck said: "It is quite insignificant, superficial stuff, without any true conception of the situation, a medley of sentimental politics, self-conceit and phrasemongering. He (Frederick) was far from being as clever as his father, and the latter was certainly not a first-rate politician." An exquisite example of the Crown Prince's incapacity was related by the Chancellor at dinner one day in 1888. He said: "We had at that time a secret treaty with the St. Petersburg people which now no longer exists. Under it we were to remain neutral in case of war breaking out between England and Russia. On my mentioning the treaty to the Crown Prince, he remarked, 'Of course England has been informed and has agreed to it.'"

Nor were Royal ladies by any means exempt from the biting sarcasm of the observant Minister's tongue. The Empress Augusta was always scheming against the Chancellor, and the latter inspired many articles in the German Press of which she was the butt. Of her conduct during William I.'s last days he observed: "Now that he is ill . . . she is a real embarrassment and plague to him. She sits there with him, and when he wants to be left alone he does not venture to tell her, so that in the end he gets quite red from pain and restraint; and she notices it. That is not love, however, but pure play-acting, conventional care and affection. There is nothing natural about her—everything is artificial, inwardly as well as outwardly." The prospective Battenberg alliance with the Empress Frederick's daughter was particularly annoying to Bismarck. He stated to Dr. Busch in a private interview: "Of course, he is a handsome man, with a fine presence; but I believe her (Princess Victoria's) nature is such that she would accept any other suitor, providing he were manly. Moreover, that is entirely beside the question. We must look at the political objections and dangers. The old Queen is fond of match-making, like all old women, and she may have selected Prince Alexander for her grand-daughter, because he is a brother of her son-in-law, the husband of her favourite daughter, Beatrice. But obviously her main objects are political—a permanent estrangement between ourselves and Russia; and if she were to come here for the Princess's birthday, there would be the greatest danger that she would get her way. In family matters she is not accustomed to contradiction, and would immediately bring the parson with her in her travelling bag and the bridegroom in her trunk, and the marriage would come off at once."

The first signs of friction between the Chancellor and the young Emperor occurred in February 1890. Busch was informed that "the Prince was not at all satisfied with the Rescript, nor was he pleased in other respects with the intentions of the young Majesty, who had become very self-confident and arbitrary, and that he had only remained in office up to the present because he had hoped that the Emperor would appoint Herbert to be his successor. He knew already, however, that this desire would not be fulfilled, as the Emperor

objected to Herbert on personal grounds." Three weeks later Dr. Busch was invited to the Chancellor's official residence in the Wilhelmstrasse. "I now want to write my memoirs, and you can help me with them," said Bismarck. "That means I am going to retire. You see I am already packing. My papers are going to be sent off immediately, for if they remain here much longer it will end in his seizing them Yes, I cannot remain here any longer, and the sooner I go the better." "But surely not immediately, Serene Highness?" inquired the author. "It is a question of three days, perhaps of three weeks, but I am going for certain," was the reply. "I cannot stand him any longer. He wants even to know whom I see, and has spies set to watch those who come in and go out." Afterwards Bismarck added, "It comes of an overestimate of himself, and of his inexperience of affairs, and that can lead to no good. He is much too conceited, however, to believe me that it (the Imperial Rescript on the labour question) will merely cause confusion and do harm." On the following day Bismarck spoke again of his retirement. "It is now a fact," he said. "Things have gone more rapidly than I imagined they would. I thought he would be thankful if I were to remain with him for a few years, but I find that, on the contrary, he is simply longing with his whole heart to be rid of me, in order that he may govern alone—with his own genius—and be able to cover himself with glory. He does not want the old mentor any longer, but only docile tools My retirement is certain. I cannot tack on as a tail to my career the failures of arbitrary and inexperienced self-conceit for which I should be responsible." A week later Dr. Busch was again summoned by his Chief, whose successor had in the meantime been appointed. "The best service that could be done to me," declared the ex-Chancellor, "would be to give a correct answer to the question whether my retirement has been voluntary or involuntary; and that answer is, involuntary. It is a patriotic duty not to maintain the utmost reserve, but, on the contrary, to tell the truth. The young man would, however, like to have it hushed up. Indeed, he has gone so far as to summon Schweninger, and to try to make him believe that it was due to considerations of health."

We have already alluded to the fact that certain disclosures respecting the Chancellor's dismissal have been postponed for patriotic reasons. But the "Draft of confidential statement as to the motives of my retirement from office," which is at present being withheld from publication, could not throw a stronger light than has already been shed on the young Emperor's ingratitude to the greatest statesman and political genius of the nineteenth century. And Dr. Busch's Diary is a book which may well bring a blush to the cheek of every Hohenzoller who reads it.

WALT WHITMAN'S PROSE.

"Complete Prose Works." By Walt Whitman. Putnam.

THAT ancient mechanical convention which fenced off into a separate volume the prose writings of a poet has not always been successful in its results; in the case of Walt Whitman it is peculiarly unhappy. For it was Whitman's avowed purpose to loosen the bonds of this convention, and to obliterate, as far as may be, the dividing line between prose and poetry. To him the old method of arranging a formal little pattern on the printed page, and thus achieving poetry by the aid of the printer, was a vain thing. In his "Leaves of Grass," Whitman conforms to the law in a fashion; but even so, his printed page is a rough copse-wood when compared with the neat Dutch garden of the approved models. The truth is, that prose and poetry lie side by side on the same page throughout all Whitman's writings, the one being discernible from the other by internal quality rather than by outward form. This interwoven characteristic is most marked, perhaps, in the collection of pieces which he has called "Specimen Days." These jottings of the mood and the moment are altogether prose according to the printer, but to the reader who has caught the Whitman outlook and learned the Whitman lilt they contain an element

of his finest poetry. He may begin his jottings in the most prosaic manner, but if the subject-matter and the poet's mood combine to evoke the necessary emotional stress he may end, and frequently does end, upon the highest poetical note in his compass.

In these "Specimen Days" there is no attempt made to polish the specimens, but being the work of an artist they achieve the convincingness of the untrimmed. When Whitman, in his weary vigils on battle-field and in hospital ward, pencilled his impressions upon small scraps of paper, he may not have been conscious of his artistry; nevertheless the artist in him was shaping a story of war in such manner and to such purpose as had never before been attained. The front of battle had been chronicled a thousand times, its valour and its glory are ancient themes; to Walt Whitman was left the distinction of chronicling the fight after the fight, the valour of the uncomplaining wounded, the untrumpeted heroism of the nurse and the surgeon. The record of his personal experiences in the American Civil War is scrappy in its outward aspect; in its total effect it attains an epical strength and completeness. Many histories of that war have been written, but a single page of Whitman gives a more poignant impression of its essential characteristics than all the others put together. The poet does not blink the truth; the purposeless carnage and hellish savagery of the war are presented with truth of proportion. The very simplicity of the narrative, with its casual touches and unstudied effects, makes the red squalor of the battle-field leap to the eye in a way that studied phrases could never achieve. It is in the hospitals, however, that Whitman finds the finest material for this new kind of war epic. With a sincerity that is as constant as its tenderness he depicts the courage of the common soldierman unhelped of the trumpet blare, suffering in silence through the long night, meeting death at the dawn with a steady eye. Episode after episode is set before us with the vividness of the unsought word and the emphasis of the quiet voice, while in every scene of this marvellous epic you have the poet himself bringing to it the necessary unity, and rounding it, by his own unspoken valour, to the necessary completeness.

With the end of the war, these "Specimen Days" find other themes and a softer tone; the epical gives place to the lyrical, the poet of the invalid is himself an invalid. He comes into the verse as a paralytic hobbling on a crutch, yet is his courage as high as ever. There is nothing in all literature, perhaps, so valorous as the attitude of Whitman as he confronts life at this time; poor, stricken, misunderstood, despised, he still has it in him to touch a happy note. The unparagoned vigour of perfect health in "Leaves of Grass" fills us with amaze, but here in the "Specimen Days" is a quality which is more arresting because it is so much more rare. To accept the tune of the world smilingly when there is no discord in the rhythm of one's own blood is no such great achievement, but to accept it with cheerfulness when the tune has been abruptly broken is a notable accomplishment. This is what Whitman did, and the record of his high courage is found in "Specimen Days." Slowly he groped his way back to a semblance of health, with out-of-doors as his un-failing nurse, and an alert interest in the changeable seasons as his best medicine. His old habit of jotting down his impressions reasserted itself, his old method, also, of interweaving poetry with prose. The printer has done nothing to assist him here; in the grim solidity of the page there is no hint of poetry. Nevertheless there is no part of Whitman's work where the poetical element is more gracious or more constant. This patient cripple, who lingered wistfully in the meadows, under the trees, beside the brook, or beneath the starshine, caught a rarer note than the poet who loafed robustly in the grass and vigorously invited his soul.

When Whitman condescends upon prose pure and simple, he is interesting—as a sincere man is always interesting—but nothing more. It is as a critic that he is at his prosiest. He has much to say about Shakespeare, about Tennyson, about Burns; but we see at once that he is moving somewhat awkwardly in strange places. The truth is that Whitman was not possessed of the critical intellect, nor did he at any time cultivate, in literature, the critical habit. His approach to books,

as well as to men, was not so much through the mind as through the temperament; the personality behind the book counted to him for more than its literary or artistic content. Manliness always appealed strongly to him, and the moral and physical robustness upon which manliness is established. It is for this reason that he is attracted towards Burns; it is for the same reason that he, in his later years, was repelled by Emerson. Whitman appreciated the interior and abiding quality in Burns; not the thin sentiment of the songs, but "those interiors of rake-helly life and tavern fun, the cantabile of jolly beggars in highest jinks, the lights and groupings of rank glee and brawny amorousness, outvying the best painted pictures of the Dutch school, or any school." This is sound criticism, and agrees to the letter with the judgment of Matthew Arnold, although the approach of the two critics was made from different sides. In his judgment of Emerson also—the Emerson from whose domination he had freed himself—Whitman is singularly sane. He does not think that his old friend is great as a poet or an artist, or even as a teacher, and his books are only fit for certain early stages in the mind's development. He finds him cold and passionless and unimaginative. "Of power, Emerson seems to have a gentleman's admiration; but in his inmost heart the grandest attribute of God and poets is always subordinate to the octaves, conceits, polite kinks and verbs."

That is picturesque criticism and thoroughly interesting; but it is not in his capacity of critic that we find our account with Walt Whitman. It is as a rank masculine force in literature that he is valuable, and such a force was never more necessary than at the present time when we are being dominated by the prim and the effeminate. Whitman stands for manliness in literature as well as in life—that manliness which is as far removed from prudishness as it is from pruriency. He is clean, and wholesome, and cheerful; full of a wise stimulus if you accept him as a poet, singularly winsome if you approach him as a man. That he has been misunderstood and reviled—this poet whose word and purpose are as clean as river sand—is only another indication of his supreme value. We have need of his tonic manliness at this hour, for the effeminate in our literature—which hides behind the proper with a certain leering slyness—is more deteriorating than outspoken vice. To accept the attitude of Whitman is to correct that downward tendency, and we cannot accept it too soon or stand by it too steadfastly.

HAMISH HENDRY.

M. LANSON'S CORNEILLE.

"Corneille." Par Gustave Lanson. Paris: Hachette.

THE difficulty of saying anything new about Corneille in French is almost as great as that of saying anything new about Shakespeare in English. The latter, however, as we are in a position to insist, is still done now and then. M. Lanson has achieved the former, in the erudite and graceful monograph which he has just published in M. Jusserand's "Grands Ecrivains Français." It is true that M. Lanson has not been able to add anything whatever to the sparse details which fill up the outline of Corneille's life. Five-and-twenty pages, leisurely conducted, contain all that it is probable we shall ever know about the personal part of the great poet's career. If some idiot of the Baconian class were to start a theory that all Corneille's tragedies were written by Gassendi, there could no doubt be produced an array of arguments good enough to satisfy Mr. Donnelly. But of Shakespeare and of Corneille alike, if from the meagre array of known facts there cannot, by the aid of the writings, be evolved a perfectly characteristic and unique figure of a man, not a library of personal memoirs would aid the feeble imagination of the reader.

New light on Corneille, however, M. Lanson does contrive to throw. He himself seems most pleased with a theory he has evolved of the individual originality of the poet. It has been always said that the dramatic work of Corneille is the final and perfected blossom of a growth which had long been advancing in France; that "Le Cid" naturally and regularly completed the work began by Jodelle eighty years earlier, and carried

towards perfection by Garnier, Montchrestien and Hardy. M. Lanson, who nevertheless has shown himself elsewhere a profound student of early French drama, totally denies this. He will have it that the poet of Rouen was not a finisher but an innovator; that he created the tragedy of the seventeenth century; and that he was the first man who conceived the system by which the tragic action of a play is the study of and moral preparation for an event. This theory, of the inherent originality of Corneille and his independence of his predecessors is interestingly carried out by M. Lanson. We do not find ourselves persuaded by his arguments, into which it is impossible for us to enter here at any length, and we confine ourselves therefore to pointing out this chapter of his book, "*Le Théâtre avant Corneille*," to our readers.

To the English student the chapter on the theoretical writings of Corneille offers a particular interest. Although the two men were so dissimilar in character and genius, a critic of our nation cannot be indifferent to the historic parallel between Corneille and Dryden. One curious point of similarity is the innovation which each made in the literature of his country by refuting his enemies and defending his practice in tracts of theoretic criticism. If Corneille wrote the three "*Discours*" on dramatic art, Dryden wrote his "*Essay on Dramatic Poetry*"; the "*Prefaces*" of the one are almost exactly paralleled by the "*Examens*" of the other. M. Lanson, who, like a Frenchman, does not mention the name of Dryden from one end of his book to the other, might have enriched his analysis by some reference to the noble prefaces of our own poet, who was usually, we are bound to say, a more imaginative, if a less consistent, critic than Corneille. But he examines more carefully than we have ever seen done before the causes which led the latter into the science of theoretical poetics. He dates the critical excursions of Corneille, and the whole bent of his temper after 1637, from the famous condemnation of "*Le Cid*" by the Academy at the wish of Richelieu. The Forty glossed here, and minced their words there; they were unwilling, even at the command of their dangerous patron, to break completely with the most rising man of genius in France. But they were called upon to curse, and curse they did. The fatuity of their attitude remains recorded for the amusement of posterity in those famous "*Sentiments de l'Académie*," which were drawn up by Chapelain to order, and in which occurs that splendid example of hunted pedantry which declares that it "really would have been most expedient" that Corneille should never have written his tragedy at all.

We laugh at this, but it was no smiling matter for Corneille, and M. Lanson shows how deep an impression this official rebuff made upon him. For one thing, he abandoned the rich mine which he had discovered in Spanish manners; for another, he set himself with fervour to the study of the criticism of the day. This was the time when the opinions of certain Italians, particularly Castelvetro, with regard to the teaching of Aristotle, were revolutionising French, as they were presently to invade with success English thought. Corneille steeped himself in all the commentaries of the "*Poetics*." The list of his authorities is amusing and pathetic, for who is there to-day who cares a brass farthing for the views of Parius or of Victorius, of Robostello or of Ghiradelli? But these names, although we venture to enjoy the poets without the help of the excellent pedants who bore them, were effective weapons with which to fight the French Academy, and even when Corneille was himself a member of the Society, the need of battle was not over. M. Lanson, then, asks us to look upon the "*Examens*" and the "*Discours*," not as contributions to criticism as we understand it to-day, but as attempts on Corneille's part to protect himself against vexatious attack by arraying the authorities of the hour beforehand on his own side. The entertaining thing is to see how independent he is of the Aristotelean rule when once he has put it up as a shield for his enemies to shoot at.

Another section of M. Lanson's book which we have read with great interest is that which deals with the relation of the Cornelian drama to contemporary life. We are apt to think of the vast and resonant figures which cross the scenes of these tragedies as of something

transcendental and superhuman, ideals of heroism and magnanimity consciously lifted by the poet out of all touch with the society of his day or of ours. Their speeches seem all armour and music, resonant voices that come from hollow, grandiose figures. It has been usual to say that if we want life and reality we must wait a little until Racine comes. To this judgment, which is so common as to be almost universal, M. Lanson will by no means subscribe, and his arguments for regarding the characters of the great Cornelian plays as in close relation with the life of Louis XIII. form a most interesting chapter.

M. Lanson considers that our mistake has been to look for the actuality of the modern reporter or realist. That, of course, does not belong in any degree whatever to the remote and stately Corneille. But he is sure that the Cornelian tragedies are enveloped in and penetrated by the daily life and character of the poet's contemporaries. They seem to him a luminous concentration of the moral incidents which we find scattered in a far looser form through such memoirs as those of Retz and Saint-Simon. He quotes the famous portrait of himself by La Rochefoucauld, and asks if the psychology of it is not exactly that of one of Corneille's robust and energetic heroes. He points out that the middle of the seventeenth century in France was a time, not of tenderness, not of sentimentality, not of scrupulosity, but of intense resolution and unyielding moral force. The type of Louis XIV.'s court, the kind of person whom Racine painted, was not yet developed, or was but dawning in that morning-star of tender passion, Madame de La Fayette. M. Lanson leads us on through a series of parallels, certainly of a most curious and entertaining nature; he justifies Suréna by Concini and Guise, and Grimoald by Cromwell. In the relations of Emilie and Cinna he sees a Chevreuse beckoning a Chalais on to dangerous adventures, and in Cæsar dallying with Cleopatra the attitude of Condé towards Mlle. Vigean. The illustration of poetry by history was never attempted with greater ingenuity and spirit.

It would be impossible in the narrow space at our command to make a detailed review of this volume, and we have not attempted to do so. We have, however, said enough, we hope, to direct our readers' attention to its merits. Without being extremely brilliant or what is called "epoch-making," this monograph is an excellent specimen of a kind of work of which France still possesses the monopoly. It would be easy to point to critical treatises by English writers in which a more daring originality was displayed, and a more lively imagination exercised; but we fail to discover in English criticism to-day the even and competent craftsmanship, the serene balance of ideas, the steady movement in a purely intellectual medium, which is found in France among critics even of the second rank. Of such honest and serious criticism, founded upon traditional principles, M. Lanson's "*Corneille*" is an admirable example.

ROUSSEAU THE EDUCATOR.

"Rousseau and Education according to Nature." By Thomas Davidson. London: Heinemann.

EQUAL amusement and instruction are to be derived from the volume on Rousseau which Dr. Davidson, of New York, has just contributed to the "Great Educators" series. The information is solid and systematic, but the humour is quite involuntary. Of all the great vagabonds in the history of letters, Rousseau was the least responsible—a "subjective, sensuous, sentimental, dalliant, querulous individualist," as Dr. Davidson justly calls him. Then why treat him as an earnest person? Why crush with remorseless Scotch logic one who lived only for posing and paradox, who professed only to follow the dictates of his heart? Why administer a posthumous lecture on ethics to a person who combined the principles of a jackdaw with the morals of a buck-rabbit? He was nothing so serious as a charlatan; he did not even want to "get on" in the world. He was quite contented if he could be talked about—admired and abused. He had several openings made for him. He threw away the chance of a royal pension, and might, with ordinary prudence, have ob-

tained an assured position of dignified literary ease. These wasted opportunities are mentioned by his latest biographer with indignant distress. To the educational mind it must indeed be painful to think that a young man of promise, instead of becoming a credit to himself and his friends, should prefer to "chirp and chatter, to fly hither and thither, as hunger and caprice might direct, to coo and make love and pilfer, utterly unaware that there is such a thing in the world as duty or self-denial." Dr. Davidson, we gather from many expressions in these pages, is not what he would describe as a theological obscurantist, but even an outworn creed, he suggests, is better than no standard of conduct. There was a moment in Rousseau's life when he seemed on the point of being sobered by religion. "He even read some theology, and was on the way to a wholesome fear of hell, but was turned back by the comfortable optimism of his mistress."

In some respects, as we shall see, the critic does justice—perhaps more than justice—to the work of his subject; but he fails to understand that in one of his professions at least this superb rhetorician was absolutely sincere. He was happy in the simple, if animal, life which he held out as the ideal for mankind. "He revelled in Nature, botanised and sentimentalised from morning till night, and was in an ecstasy of bliss." Honestly, he did not want to make a career, and this our author does not seem altogether to understand. He combined absolute selfishness with a complete absence of ambition. Yet—in spite of mentors during life and censors after death—he contrived to leave behind him an imperishable name, and to make himself the greatest intellectual and moral force of his time. Even if we judge only by practical results, it is doubtful whether Bonaparte himself did more than Rousseau to shape the history of Europe. The great destructive soldier was made by the Revolution; the great constructive philosopher made, or largely helped to make, that Revolution. For he was constructive. It is true that the political theories deduced from the "Contrat Social" were not even correct deductions from an exploded fiction, an unwarranted hypothesis. But they had so much truth in them that for the time they appeared to be the whole truth: they were a striking articulate protest against organized injustice. We who live in easier times, and watch with assured indifference the rise and fall of philosophical systems; who take note that Cobdenism and Darwinism have flowed and ebbed without leaving any real indentation on the shore of civilisation, can hardly realise what was the power, in that catastrophic period, of a single human voice. To this side of Rousseau's marvellous life Dr. Davidson is fully awake.

It is the more surprising, therefore, that he should, in other parts of an excellent treatise, have failed to penetrate the superficial shams of the man whose written work he has most carefully studied. As a fair and lucid summary of Rousseau's opinions this book is unexceptionable. We have here the whole of Rousseau except his charm, his glamour, his convincingness. But the estimate is misleading, because the criticism of abstract theory is only checked by the record of actual conduct. The philosophy is dismissed as insincere because the professor did not live by his precepts, because, for instance, the formulator of a perfect system of education abandoned his own offspring to the care of the State.

What Dr. Davidson does not know about Education probably is not worth knowing, and he cannot imagine that even Rousseau would trifle with so serious a question. He is at pains, therefore, to show that the rules laid down in "Emile" (which involve, among other impossibilities, the devotion of an unpaid tutor for twenty-five years to the care of a single pupil) are not capable of universal application. But he has no more warrant for examining that famous treatise as if it were intended as a contribution to the "Science of Pedagogics" than for regarding the "Confessions" as a matter-of-fact biography. With all his visionary rhapsodisings Rousseau never meant that mankind should return, or thought that it would return, to the State of Nature. In Education as in Politics his writings were one long and consistent protest against the exaggerated artificiality of his age. He was, no doubt, intoxicated by the exuberance of

his own rhetoric—just as in his emotional, erratic life he was the slave of sensual impulse—but he worked all the time for a definite object, not entirely Utopian, and with remarkable, if transitory, effect.

A HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE.

"A History of Spanish Literature." By James Fitzmaurice Kelly, Española. London: Heinemann.

IT is a difficult task to compress an account of so wide and varied a subject as Spanish literature into some brief four hundred pages, and we must congratulate Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly on the scholarly and able way in which he has performed it. Ticknor failed egregiously to sympathise with, or even to understand some of the most peculiar phases of Spanish individuality, and hence his appreciations are often one-sided and imperfect. Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly, on the contrary, writes rather from the internal position of a native than from the outside and sometimes aggressive standpoint of the foreigner. Thus he includes amongst his representative mystics the Carmelite Juan de los Angeles, whose name we may search for in vain in Ticknor's pages, and whose "Triumphos del Amor de Dios" are declared to be "a profound psychological study, not less remarkable for beauty of expression than for impassioned insight." Mr. Fitzmaurice's sympathies are as catholic as his knowledge is wide. He not only recognises Gongora as a "potent force in the literature of his country," as well as one of the "best lyrists of his land," but is charmed by the "pretty wit, pure idiom, and elegant form" of the Argensolas, one of whom, Bartolomé, was, in the author's phrase, "the standard-bearer of the anti-Gongorists."

The reliability of Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly's appreciations and the keenness of his literary discernment may be tested by comparing his remarks on Lope de Vega with those on Calderon. Until comparatively recent date, Lope has lain under a cloud. Owing to the scarcity of his editions, he seems scarcely to have been known to, still less understood by the Schlegels and the older school of German critics. Schlegel confesses as much when he accepts "King Wamba" and "Bernardo del Carpio" as fair specimens of Lope's dramatic powers applied to historical legend and romance. Bouterwek's apprehension was keener and his estimate of the respective powers of Lope and Calderon, although his preference is evidently for the latter, juster and more evenly balanced. But since that time an entirely new school of criticism has sprung up, headed by Grillparser, and the phoenix of geniuses is like to prove his title to the appellation in a more literal sense than his contemporaries could ever have imagined. And yet, as Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly is careful to point out, his light has never burned dim in Spain, and rightly, for he was, in the author's words, "a great creative genius. He incarnates the national spirit . . . and expresses the genius of a people." Until lately, strange as it may appear, no complete collection of his works had been made, and it has been reserved to the moment of Spain's bitter defeat to give to the world another volume of the magnificent edition now being published by the Royal Academy of Madrid. The great and versified genius whose dramatic versions of Old Testament episodes are full of the enchanting flavour of a dim patriarchal world (not, perhaps, so very much unlike the manners and life of rural Spain as Lope knew it); whose "Paces de los Reyes" is as sombre and magnificent a tragedy as is to be found in any literature, the facile verse of whose "Gatomaquina" is a never-failing source of delight, and as fresh to-day as when it was written, and who composed one of the finest, if not the finest "romance" of its kind in the Spanish language, "A mis soledades voy, de mis soledades vengo," has met with the full and ungrudging recognition he deserves at the hands of Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly.

Yet "there be stars and stars," and it is possible to give Lope his true place without belittling Calderon. If in Lope we are attracted by the exuberance of life and action, by a healthy vigour full of verve and entrain untrammelled by conventionalism, Calderon dominates us by virtue of his artistic conscience, by the subtle refinement of his imagination. In his greater dramas

men and women become abstractions, intellectual moods, passionate philosophers. Lope filled the canvas with blotches of colour, light and shadow daringly contrasted. Calderon is a careful finisher. Lope was a realist, who snatched from the world around him his fresh and undying types. Calderon was an idealist with a metaphysical mind: witness the "Autos." Lope sketched portrait figures of indelible vigour from the human comedy he saw. Calderon pursued the opposite method. His effort was to reduce the type to the idea underlying it. Hence, his characters, as Goethe said, are often as alike as leaden soldiers; they were the puppets through which, as Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly happily expresses it, he "brought the Beyond to earth." For he, too, is matchless. How happily both great men could blend their separate tendencies is proved by the "Alcalde de Zalamea," of which Lope furnished the outlines, and Calderon the finished drama. That Calderon, however, could create character when he chose "Alcuzcuz" still lives to testify.

Above all, he excels in the "trabazon," the artistic fitting together and technical manipulation of the drama. In his "Amar Despues de la Muerte," that most wonderful play, from first to last he makes us feel that we are in the brooding presence of an inexorable fate hovering over and entangling its victims. Closer, closer, still it presses to fragments of marvellous song, a reminiscence of the Greek chorus, whose echoes become more and more poignant as the darkness deepens towards the final catastrophe.

Not the least interesting part of the book is that devoted to the Spanish authors of to-day. We are disappointed that Becquer, the greatest genius and master of prose that nineteenth-century Spain has produced, was not reckoned worth a longer notice. Nor is it possible to judge of Becquer's exquisite prose and the peculiar quality of his imagination from the examples given by Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly, viz., "Los Ojos Verdes" and "El Rayo de la Luna." They should be sought rather in the "Muger de Piedra," a miracle of dream-like and fantastic writing which is equal to any of the "Rimas" and the "Tres Fechas."

An artistic temperament answering to the subtlest vibrations, an imagination fine, delicate and direct as a ray of light, Becquer stands forth unique, the legitimate descendant (the form only changed) of San Juan de la Crur, dashed with somewhat of northern nebulousness, the glory of modern Spain. I heartily concur with Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly in his judgment of "La Regenta." In the introductory chapter, Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly traces the literary history of Spain to its sources, shows what and how far its peculiar flavour may be considered racial, indigenous to the soil, or is due to foreign and extraneous influences. Of the different races which have flitted through the country, but little trace of their presence has remained beyond an atavistic type which greets one here and there amongst the peasantry. The only dwellers of any permanence in the land were the Goths, the Moors and the Latins. It is therefore to one or other of these that we must look for the first impulse given to Spanish literature properly so called. The influence of the Goths was nil, that of the Moors was limited to the transmission of the Eastern apologue and the ancient oriental art of story-telling. If we could discover the obscure fount whence first babbled the finest stream of ballad poetry in the world, we must go to the barbaric Latin and monkish verse of St. Damasus, St. Orosius, and Prudentius.

To conclude, if it is desired to make an acquaintance with the founts, historical sequence and prominent characteristics of a literature which has left an indelible impress on that of England herself, no more authoritative and reliable guide can be found than in the little volume, brief and excellent, written by one who, if England owes the germs of "Romeo and Juliet" to "Calisto and Melibea," if she has felt the literary breath of Spain breathe hot upon an Elizabethan audience in Mabbe's delightful translations, and the delicate euphuisms of a Sydney, if she responded to Spanish impulse in the Drama of the Restoration, has amply returned the debt by returning to her the primitive text unmutated of Don Quixote.

G. C. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

FICTION.

"JUST a Girl," by Charles Garvice (Bowden), has a plot suggestive of a penny novelette. Every character is an old friend, from the languid, gentlemanly gambler of distinguished appearance (who sees no difference between a Lord Druce and a Lord Norman Druce, in spite of his distinction) to the wicked, fair-haired Lady Ada, who conspires against the artless heroine. The style is pleasant and worthy of better things, and the leading character always an entertaining one to meet, whether she be called Deborah of Tod's or Mr. Gilbert Parker's "savage," or what you will. There are always opportunities in the wild girl turned society woman without any training. In this case the opportunities are more than a little wasted.

Admirers of that popular production "The Honourable Peter Stirling" will be a little disappointed with "The Story of an Untold Love," by Paul Leicester Ford (Constable). It has singularly little variety, no particular charm of writing, and a leading incident in it is at this moment a fatal reminiscence of "Cyrano de Bergerac." The misunderstood hero sells his brains and originality to the shadiest of editors and and sham "littérateurs," even going so far as to produce books that have cost him years of study under the editor's name. This very dubious proceeding is justified by the fact that the hero owes money to a young woman, who is, of course, the object of his "untold love." His father has defrauded her and he must make it good. One concedes that he must make money and cannot be pedantically scrupulous as to the means of doing so. But when one of the books attracts the girl's notice, wins her admiration and finally induces her to accept an offer of marriage from the unconscionable editor, and when the hero soliloquises "To think, my darling, that it was I who had aided him to win you, that my hand had made and set the trap!" then we feel that coincidence has been a little hard on Mr. Paul Leicester Ford. For the rest, the book is rather dreary and long-spun-out, considering that it deals almost solely with a young man's hopeless passion for a singularly shadowy young woman to whom the reader is barely introduced.

"Caleb West, Masterman Diver," by F. Hopkinson Smith (Constable), is an excellent novel. There can be no doubt about it. The love-interest is slight, but very genuine and appealing. The great charm of the book is the picture of the diver and his work. Without a single elaborate description we are shown the man at the bottom of the sea, with all the thrill of its mystery about him. Strange creatures press their noses against the glass of his faceplate; glittering objects scattered over the vast gravel-floor tempt him to hunt about for the treasures dropped overboard by the ships of centuries. The whole thing is picturesque to a degree. Then the interest of the story is well kept up. We grow breathlessly excited over the squabble between engineer and superintendent over the bedding of the great stones—perhaps because we watched them set, with the help of the masterman diver. Altogether the author is to be congratulated, and "F. Hopkinson Smith" a signature to be welcomed in the future.

"A Celibate's Wife," by Herbert Flowerdew (John Lane), is a first-class specimen of semi-sanctimonious pruriency. People who would be unutterably scandalised at an honest study of vice will get any number of delicious shudders over "The Celibate's Wife." It inspired us with that mild form of nausea that begins with incessant yawning.

"Benedictine," by E. H. Lacon Watson (Grant Richards), is journalism pure and simple—a collection of newspaper articles on domestic subjects, strung together loosely and made into a book. The collection improves as it goes on. The author has nothing very new or striking to say on the subject of "Lodgings," "Feminine Apparel" and so on, but he writes pleasantly enough, and, on the whole, he is justified in having rescued his happy thoughts from the back-file.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Diplomatic History of America: its First Chapter 1452-1493-1494." By Henry Harris. London: Stevens. As the centuries roll on, and the people of the United States are able to claim a respectable history of their own, it is but natural

that the origin and development of the country should receive a wider and fuller attention. Indeed, there already exist the excellent general histories of Bancroft and other writers, but studies in the purely diplomatic records are still few in number. The average reader cares little, perhaps, for the dry lights of diplomacy; he realises infinitely more deeds of heroism, with the rush and the strife of battle. Yet a knowledge of grants and of treaties is necessary too, if one would understand the progress and growth of nations, and for that reason this tentative little treatise is to be welcomed. Mr. Harrisse's volume is not a heavy tax upon the student; it embraces only a brief period, and consists of but 154 pages in the work proper, and sixty pages of notes. But in that brief space a good deal of material has been utilised. The volume opens with an explanation of the Papal grants to Portugal and Spain, and the jealousies which arose between the two Powers. The rest of the volume is chiefly concerned with a discussion of the demarcation line, as it appears in the early maps. The author's general conclusion is that "notwithstanding the subsequent Bulls and treaties between Spain and Portugal, all attempts to determine the place where the demarcation line was to pass in America have been based upon the stipulations of the Treaty of Tordesillas (1494). The location of this divisional line has varied according to the notions which the cosmographers of the times had of the circumference of the earth and of the length of the marine league. But in every instance save one the line was fixed east, of both mouths of the Amazona river." If the author pursues his subject, the sixteenth century will furnish him with abundance of material of surpassing historical interest, seeing that that century included the conquest of Mexico and Peru; the exploration of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Amazon and the Mississippi; the French colonisation of Canada; and the discovery of Davis Strait.

"Zwischen den Schlachten." Edited by L. Hirsch, Ph.D. London: Macmillan.

"Sappho." Edited by Walter Rippmann, M.A. London: Macmillan.

"German Lyrical and other Poems." By H. Campbell Galletly. London: Williams.

In selecting "Zwischen der Schlachten," by Otto Elster, for Messrs. Macmillan's German Series, Mr. Hirsch has made a sensible choice. The style is easy and interesting, besides being singularly free from the complicated grammatical structure which so often defaces the prose of German authors. The subject of the story is the war of 1870, which forms an almost inexhaustible topic for both German and French writers—though from very different points of view. There is a military vocabulary in the appendix which is quite a curiosity. Less enticing is the tragedy of "Sappho," written in blank verse, and preceded by a lengthy introduction. Tragedies in blank verse do not, unfortunately, encourage the industry of pupils to the same extent as more exciting and palatable pieces of literature. Many of the most beautiful lyrical pieces in the German language are contained in the collection entitled "German Lyrical and other Poems"; but we cannot bestow equal commendation on the "isometrical translations," in which the sense of words is continually sacrificed to the exigencies of rhyming. Some useful annotations would have been far better and more æsthetic.

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TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE ROODEPOORT DEEP, LIMITED.

DEAR SIR (OR MADAM),

Soon after his return to Johannesburg, Mr. George Albu (the Managing Director) took into his consideration the manner in which the property of the Company should be dealt with, and he commissioned Mr. G. A. Denny to report upon the present condition of the mine and the steps to be taken preparatory to restarting crushing operations. In a report which he has made, Mr. Denny urges the necessity for sinking a new shaft, and the expenditure in connexion with this, the erection of 40 new stamps (making 80 in all) and development is put at £103,000. He estimates further that it will take 23 months to sink the new shaft and carry out the required development work. At the time of the formation of this Company £140,000 of cash was provided, out of which the liabilities of the Old Company (about £100,000) had to be paid. The present funds amount to about £32,000, so that, according to Mr. Denny's estimate, a further sum of £70,000 would have to be 'raised' to put the mine in proper working order on an 80 stamp basis.

On the suggestion of several large shareholders, negotiations with a view to amalgamation took place between the Directors of this Company and of the Roodepoort United Main Reef Gold Mining Company, as a result of which the latter company has made an offer to purchase the entire assets and liabilities of the Roodepoort Deep, Limited, for 100,000 fully paid Roodepoort United Shares, ranking for dividend as from 1 January, 1899. In order to carry into effect the proposed terms of amalgamation which have been embodied in the form of a provisional agreement, it will be necessary to increase the capital of the Roodepoort United Main Reef Gold Mining Company from £150,000 to £250,000, by the creation of 100,000 new shares. It is arranged that the Roodepoort United Main Reef Gold Mining Company, shall declare a dividend on its present capital to 31 December next, such distribution not to absorb more than £37,500, representing a half-year's dividend at the usual rate of 50 per cent. per annum. From that date, should the amalgamation be sanctioned, the new shares will rank in every respect with those already in existence.

Your Directors have decided to recommend the offer of the Roodepoort United Main Reef Gold Mining Company for your acceptance from the following considerations:—

1. The Roodepoort Deep is the natural deep level of the Roodepoort United, which by centralisation of work and the use of a large stamping power will be able to deal with the ground much more effectively and economically than the Roodepoort Deep.
2. The Roodepoort United will work with 110 stamps (*i.e.*, the 70 now at work combined with this Company's 40 stamps), thus increasing the stamping power in about the same proportion as the capital; while later a further number of stamps may be erected if such a course is found to be advisable.
3. Roodepoort Deep Shareholders will participate in dividends from 1 January, 1899, instead of having to wait at least two and a-half years if Mr. Denny's plan of work were carried out.
4. The raising of £70,000 of additional working funds and the consequent increase of the Roodepoort Deep capital will be unnecessary.

Holders of a majority of the Company's shares who have been consulted in the matter have expressed themselves in favour of amalgamation, as against the continued existence of the Company as a separate concern.

Shareholders are requested to fill up, sign, and post to me their Proxies, NOT LATER THAN 5TH OCTOBER, in order that they may be represented at the meeting to be held in Johannesburg on 1 November, 1898.

Yours faithfully,

FOR THE LONDON COMMITTEE,

VICTOR TAYLOR, *London Secretary.*

LONDON OFFICE: WARNFORD COURT, E.C. 20 September, 1898.

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE ROODEPOORT UNITED MAIN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

DEAR SIR (OR MADAM),

As a result of suggestions which have come from Shareholders in both companies, the Directors of this Company and of the Roodepoort Deep, Limited, have entered into a provisional agreement whereby—subject to the sanction of the Shareholders—it is proposed that the Roodepoort United Main Reef Gold Mining Company shall purchase the whole undertaking of the Roodepoort Deep, Limited, in return for 100,000 Roodepoort United Shares. Under this scheme the Roodepoort United Main Reef Gold Mining Company will acquire a compact block of about 50 reef-bearing claims forming the immediate deep level of the central portion of its property, while it will also take over about 90 other deep level claims, certain water rights, a fully equipped 40 stamp battery and plant, and cash amounting to about £32,000.

It is intended, if the proposed resolutions are adopted, to supply the Roodepoort Deep's 40 stamps with ore from the Roodepoort United property at an early date, while the new sorting plant which is being erected by this Company should assist in the economical extraction of the gold. It may be pointed out that the increase in the capital (apart from the much longer life which is assured to the Company) should be fully counterbalanced by the increase in the stamping power, and the results to be obtained with the new sorting plant. The cash to be received from the Roodepoort Deep will be utilised in connexion with the expenditure necessary for opening up that Company's ground.

The scheme should, in the opinion of the Directors and the London Committee, prove advantageous to both Companies. The two mines are the natural complement of each other; and the Roodepoort United Company would benefit from having a stronger position and a longer life, while the Roodepoort Deep would gain all the advantages of immediate dividends and cheap working conditions.

In order to carry out the scheme it will be necessary to increase the capital from £150,000 to £250,000 by the creation of 100,000 new shares. It is stipulated that these shares are to rank for dividends as from 1 January, 1899, and it is consequently arranged that the Roodepoort United Company may declare a dividend (not exceeding £37,500, which represents the usual rate of 50 per cent. per annum) for the six months to 31 December on the present capital of £150,000.

In accordance with this arrangement, the whole of the 250,000 Shares will rank equally as from 1 January, 1899.

The Roodepoort Deep Company further makes the stipulation that the Board of the Roodepoort United Company shall, after the amalgamation, consist of not more than five and not less than three members, and that three of the Directors shall be nominated by this Company, and two by the Roodepoort Deep.

Holders of a majority of the Roodepoort Deep Company's Shares have expressed themselves in favour of amalgamation, and the scheme now put before you has received the sanction of many of the principal Roodepoort United Shareholders.

Proxies should be filled up, signed, and returned NOT LATER THAN 28TH INSTANT either to this Office; the Deutsche Treuhand Gesellschaft, 9, Behrenstrasse, Berlin, W.; or to Mr. P. Mairet, 21 Rue Lafitte, Paris.

Yours faithfully,

VICTOR TAYLOR,

Secretary to the London Committee.

LONDON OFFICE, WARNFORD COURT, E.C. 20 September, 1898.